

The

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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*The Paper that puts the Empire first*

## The World's Armies under the "Peace" Pacts



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France with her African reserves could mobilise 6,000,000 men overnight. Italy could raise 4,500,000 troops. Poland and Jugo-Slavia, both allies of France, each can call up 1,200,000 men. Germany, restricted to 100,000 men, has a "Shadow Army," of at least 1,500,000 Nazi Storm Troops. Britain's mobilised strength is 281,000 men—less than that of some Balkan States.

### Notes of the Week

There are black shirts, blue shirts, brown shirts and green shirts, but Lady Houston's shirt as she told Low is red, white and blue like the new cover—and we hope you will like it.

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#### Oxford does not Group

"I am glad to learn," writes A.A.B., "that the so-called Oxford Group has no real or authentic connection with my old University. The mere fact of its calling itself the "Oxford Group" is a piece of unparalleled effrontery. I daresay the Master of Balliol and some of the wild men of that college patronize this extremely disgusting exhibition of testifying and confession of experiences. The only thing that excites one's wonder is the cheek of this man Buchman, in thinking that he can persuade any decent body of English men and women to take part in this fantastic exhibition of American revivalism. It is a pity that some of the bishops can find time to support this hysterical form of religious amusement. I wonder if I can add a Latin tag, *Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.*"

#### 'Ware the Dollar

Those people who want to keep their money in their pockets had better have nothing to do with President Roosevelt's monetary policy. In the first place, Roosevelt does not understand it, in the second place the brokers in Wall Street do not understand it, and in the third place nobody understands it. Of schemes of monetary policy and managed currency it can safely be said that "that way madness lies." The value of money is simply that which it can purchase, and that depends on domestic policy and the circumstances of Foreign Affairs. The value of a national coin or monetary unit depends upon the cost of living where it is used, which in its turn depends on the price of food and the price of labour. The value or purchasing power of a national coin or monetary unit externally depends upon the state of indebtedness between any two nations.

The debtor country must always pay more for the money of the creditor country, and vice versa. For instance, if the Argentine owes England more than England owes her, Argentine currency will fall, because it is more easy and cheaper to obtain money to be transmitted to Argentine than it is to obtain money to be transmitted to England. This

Ref. 25

is the true theory of Foreign exchanges, and nothing can alter it. It is only a variant of the old laws of supply and demand. If on the other hand England owes more money to America than America owes to England it will be more expensive to obtain money or bills to transmit to America. Anyone who dabbles in what is called a managed currency or attempts to evade this natural law of supply and demand will only burn his fingers.

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### Air—And Hot Air

Whose opinion is the most important—the opinion of Sir John Simon or the opinion of the majority of British men and women? When Sir John Simon said, in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, that we were only fifth in air strength, there were cries of "Shame!" but the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, raising an admonitory finger, begged the honourable members "not to express and not to entertain that view," adding, "I think it is to the credit of this country."

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### Our New Cover—And Old Faith

To-day the *Saturday Review* appears in a new cover, in new colours. But not under a new flag. Our new cover has been designed by Lady Houston, who, probably more than any other individual patriot, typifies and expresses the sturdy British independence of thought and clarity of Imperial wisdom which made our Empire. To-day that Empire is being given away. Conservatism, the creed of Empire, is being watered down with a base mixture of Liberals and Socialists. Our Prime Minister, a Socialist whose record irrefutably brands him as a traitor to this country, leads a Government elected on Conservative principles with the largest Conservative majority on record.

No greater farce can be shown in the pages of our history. To us it is lamentable, suicidal. To other nations it is laughable.

The *Saturday Review*, always Conservative, to-day reaffirms not only its Conservative faith, but is prepared to fight with every weapon at its command for the restoration and re-birth of that old, proud, Imperial British spirit which, the negation of so-called Internationalism, is in itself the greatest guarantee for International peace that the world has known.

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### The Danger That Threatens

But, without a strong Army, a Navy twice as good as any other, and an Air Force first in strength and performance, we can neither hold our Empire nor keep the peace of the earth. Treaties, conventions, agreements, leagues—we have suffered these farces, these elaborate lies and International hypocrisies for fifteen wasted years.

They are collapsing all round us like so many pricked balloons, mere vessels of hot air. And while the nations arm; while Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin prepare to give India away; while Japan steals our trade; while Russia foment trouble in India and Nazi Germany plots against us in East Africa—as we reveal in an article on another page—Britain disarms. Britannia, the richest householder in the world, dismisses her policemen and opens her gates to the burglars.

Because of these terrible and tragic happenings, these betrayals of the faith and heritage of our forefathers, the *Saturday Review*, in its new form, will strive to re-awaken the British spirit, to open British eyes to the danger that threatens.

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### Remember Lord Roberts' Warning

In 1911 the late Lord Roberts, then laughed at as a scaremonger, a bogey-man, said, with tragic truth of prophecy: "The necessities of one hundred years ago were great, the danger pressing, and the straits to which this country was reduced, desperate; but, with all history to support me, I venture to think that the necessities and the dangers of the future will be even greater, and the straits to which this country will be reduced will be more desperate, unless we, as a nation, realise the gravity of these dangers, and are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices to meet them. Otherwise, we shall most certainly lose the great heritage which has been entrusted to us, and forfeit our position amongst the great nations of the world, for we have not now the same recuperative power in proportion to other great countries that we had in former times."

Those words were spoken in 1911. The speaker was laughed at. His words were proved true in 1914. We are still paying for our failure to recognise their truth. To-day, Lord Roberts' warning rings back across the dead years with greater truth, more tragic meaning. We cannot laugh to-day. We have learnt too much, we have suffered too much, we have paid too much, we know too much. Must we disregard that warning once again?

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### Geneva Foment War

Locarno is the bogey of the hour, with which the popular orator makes the flesh of his audience creep. Germany is going to war, but we may be allowed to ask, With whom and for what? To suppose that Germany, with her depleted exchequer, and without heavy artillery, or a long-trained army, can fight France or England about such an abstraction as the equality of status, is mere moonshine. Hitler may be a fool, but he is not quite such a fool as to hurl raw and enthusiastic lads against the army of France. If it were not for

the League of Nations, there would be no talk of war. Geneva, with the words of peace upon her lips, is really the fomentor of war in Europe. Why should we, or the Japanese, or any great nation, entrust our destinies to the hands of this debating society, in which the vastly predominant influence is French, or at best that of Sir Arthur Salter. We are indebted to the B.B.C. for having relieved us of the ubiquitous Mr. Vernon Bartlett. If Germany thinks seriously of tackling any first rate power, she must first of all form an offensive and defensive alliance with Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria and the Middle-East generally, all of which requires a great deal of money.

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### A Truce to Vulgarly

The furious admiration with which the play and the film of Henry VIII has been received is a proof of the hopelessly vulgar taste of the public. We have an incorrigible objection to seeing history burlesqued on the stage by poking fun at our ancestors. It may be quite true that Henry the VII hiccupped and wore white flannel night-gowns, but we do not care to be reminded of that fact. It is like a portrait-painter who makes the wart on Cromwell's face the most important feature.

Take, for instance, Charles I. He still remains the most romantic figure in English history, partly owing to romantic historians, and partly owing to the portraits of Vandyke. We like to think of Charles I seated upon a horse, and towering amidst the citizens of London. We learn, however, from Hilaire Belloc, whose authority is unimpeachable, that Charles was a very short man, under five feet four, and that he had bulging eyes, stammered, and spoke with a Scotch accent. Who wants to see that charming, mystical figure brought on to the stage in that guise? The attempts to bring Wellington and Nelson on to the stage were a failure. It is very well to read about Emma, Lady Hamilton, but nobody wants to see the amorous fondlings of Nelson on the boards. It is with a sure instinct that the English public turn away from the too intimate pictures of their national heroes.

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### Blame the Candidate

Whenever a by-Election is lost, it is the regular thing to blame the Candidate. As a rule the blame is just. In all experience the strong local candidate is beaten by the clever carper-bagger. The local man has either a business or property in the constituency, and if he has friends, he is bound to have many enemies. The East Fulham Candidate was about the worst man the Party could have put up and only discovers the incompetence and lack of judgment of the Central Office. Always distrust your "strong local man." Lord Stonehaven is the worst man in the world to manage the

Central Office, for he is pompous and arrogant—his only qualifications!

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### The Mother of Parliaments

As we go to press Parliament finds itself back in harness again. At least that is what Members probably call it, though it is doubtful if there is to be found in this or any other country another 615 persons who do as little for £400 a year or waste so much time doing it. Never were debates so tedious or the business of counting noses such a futile farce. With a peripatetic blow-hard as leader of the nation, a spineless semi-Socialist to lead the House, a collection of unimaginative worthies on the Treasury Bench and an assortment of flat-footed trade unionists running the Opposition, the back benchers can hardly be expected to make the Mother of Parliaments hum.

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### The Significance of the Swastika

The Swastika, or Hackenkreuz, belongs to the Ancient, Mystic Language of Signs, being derived from the Sunwheel, Emblem of Fertility, a circle, crossed by the Male and Female Symbols. Associated with Fire-worship, it is found on pre-historic spearheads in Central Europe, on Etruscan and Minoan Pottery, and is known in China as "Wan," Pictograph of the Sun. It exists among American-Indians, whose ancestors worshipped fire, on Anglo-Saxon urns, on golden fibulas in the Vatican. Swastika means, in Sanskrit, good fortune. The sign was also called Gammadion, its form being that of four Greek letters, Gamma, combined, and "Crux Dissimulata," persecuted Christians using it as a disguised Cross. It resembles Thor's Hammer and the German Athletic Club Badge, composed of four F's, standing for "Frisch, Fromm, Fröhlich, Frei" (hardy, pious, joyous, free).

The Nazi hackenkreuz possesses, doubtless, a deep esoteric significance. Nietche's anti-Christian teachings have influenced many German Nationalists, who demand a return to pagan cults, akin to the Germanic spirit. Professor Wirth claims that the Nordics were the earliest monotheists, adoring the Divinity in His image, the Sun. It is a coincidence that the badge acclaimed of the Nazis should be the Symbol of the Sun, sacred to their race!

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### Combinations!

The Great Three have spoken! We are not sufficiently intelligent to understand what they said—but there was one word the Prime Minister made a great point of—in fact, he iterated and reiterated it six times in as many lines—the word COMBINATIONS. A seasonable word now that winter is here, especially if made of wool—but even the warmest and the cosiest of these undergarments will not keep out the chill of East Fulham,



# The Titter-Totter Government

## Leaning Towers of Pisa that Must Fall

### By A.A.B.

**I**N every age or period of political history there is some phrase which dominates the world, and which nations repeat to one another by way of keeping up their courage. To-day the dominating phrase is the "Collective organisation of Peace," which *The Times*, with incredible innocence, repeats from a speech of Sir Edward Grigg. Peace is not a thing to be organised, any more than being in love, and certainly not to be organised by a futile debating society like Geneva.

The figures of the Kilmarnock election show decidedly that the leading members of the Government are not popular. Mr. Runciman is not popular, Sir John Simon is not popular, and Mr. MacDonald is most unpopular. How should it be otherwise? Mr. Runciman cannot make up his mind to denounce at once and utterly the "most favoured nation" clause, which prevents our making a really favourable bargain with anybody.

I am proud of the fact that I pointed this out some years ago when we began what is called our tariff policy. It will take time, but until the most favoured nation clause is denounced all round we shall never do any good with tariffs.

#### Lady Londonderry's Mouthpiece

Sir John Simon cannot really like the White Paper, for it is a substitute for the chatter of the Conference table, scraped together from the leading articles of agitators, for the sober reflection of two years' study on the spot by the leading advocate of the English Bar. It is not in human nature that this great lawyer should prefer this White Paper to his own Report, which has so unceremoniously been thrust aside.

He is, of course, obliged to support the White Paper as a member of the Cabinet, but he cannot in his heart believe in it.

Mr. MacDonald is popular with nobody, and is generally supposed to be Lady Londonderry's mouthpiece, which does not increase the enthusiasm of the Labour Party. It is now the rumour that he wishes to go to India as

Viceroy, and I have no doubt that the Party will be as relieved to get rid of him as the Tories were relieved by the rumour that Canning would exchange Downing Street for Calcutta on the death of Lord Castlereagh.

#### The Bare Legs of MacDonald

It will indeed be strange if the bare legs of the Highlander are covered by the graceful mantle of the King's Vice-regent in India. The stately ceremony of Delhi will be a relief after the simplicity of Lossiemouth, and be appreciated by the female relatives, at least, of Mr. MacDonald's family. Mr. MacDonald on a Viceregal elephant, attending the Durbar, will be a sight for the gods.

Behind this triumvirate of Radical Socialists Mr. Baldwin sits observant and secretive. He has one guiding principle in his Eastern policy, namely that Edward Wood, now Lord Irwin, is his friend, and a very nice fellow. This is true, but hardly can be called an imperial principle.

Mr. Baldwin, when he is not worshipping at the shrine of Lord Irwin and the mild Hindu, whom he takes to his bosom as his friend and equal, child-marriage and all, is employed in mugging up his speeches of occasion, which are really very good of their kind, but not the business of a Prime Minister. Lord Palmerston never addressed a public meeting in his life, Disraeli only three or four. It was Gladstone who debased our public life by making speeches at railway stations or on any platform which he could secure.

#### Tickling Their Ears

Mr. Baldwin is not a master of platform oratory like Gladstone, nevertheless his occasional speeches are to-day the best of their kind, but he spends time which ought to be devoted to the House of Commons in hunting up an apt quotation from the classics with which to tickle the ears of the groundlings. It is Mr. Baldwin who has bound us to the Treaty of Locarno, which is now an object of general derision; and so this Government totters to its fall amid the titters of its opponents and the outside world.



# The Conservative Party, The Princes and the White Paper

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer  
(Late Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab)

**I**N closing the third Round Table Conference, on 24th December, 1932, Sir S. Hoare said that the problem was one of "reconciling the claims of *three* partners—Great Britain, British India and Indian India (the Princes)," that the first Conference had established the fact that "the new bond must be the bond of an all-India Federation with the rights of each of the *three* parties effectively safeguarded," and he gave special credit to H.H. the Maharaj of Bikanir and Sir T. B. Saprú as the first exponents of the principle of an all-India Federation.

That is an accurate retrospect. But in view of the acute controversy as to the circumstances which led certain Princes to join with certain British Indian politicians in pressing the Federation scheme on the British Government and the Conservative leaders to adopt it, the matter deserves closer examination. The Simon Commission referred to a Federation of the States with British India as an admirable but, at the best, a distant ideal. The Government of India, of which Lord Irwin was then the head, while sympathetic, were even more sceptical of its being within "the range of practical politics." That was in September, 1930. But two months later—without any previous discussion in the Chamber of Princes or any consultation with the Government of India—the plan of an all-India Federation sprang simultaneously, like Minerva from the head of Jove, full-fledged from the heads of the Ruler of Bikanir and Sir T. B. Saprú. It was the decisive factor in that Conference, and led to the following epoch-making declarations by the Prime Minister of the then Socialist Government:

## "Accepted by all Parties"

- (1) "The view of H.M.'s Government is that responsibility for the Government of India [hitherto exercised by the Crown and Parliament] should be placed upon Legislatures, Central and Provincial," with temporary safeguards "during a period of transition."
- (2) "The deliberations have proceeded on the basis accepted by all parties, that the Central Government should be a Federation of all-India embracing both the Indian States and British India." (Great Britain, the *third* and predominant partner, is not noticed.)
- (3) "With a Legislature constituted on a federal basis, H.M.'s Government will be prepared to recognise the principle of the responsibility of the Executive to the Legislature."

All this was in accordance with the Socialist policy as already declared in "Labour and the Nation." But Mr. MacDonald could not have gone so far in the abandonment of British responsibility, but for the action of the Princes present. Addressing the ten present in person and the representatives of six others—out of a total of 117 in the

Chamber of Princes and 562 in all—he said: "You came, you made your declaration . . . and your words made it possible for us to build up a Constitution . . ." At that stage, however, Lord Peel and Sir Samuel Hoare, the leading representatives of the Conservative Party, while not opposing the Federal principle, refused to commit themselves or the party.

When, a year later, the second Round Table Conference was held, Mr. MacDonald again presided, but as head of a National Government dependent on a huge Conservative majority. But Mr. MacDonald had meantime won over the Conservative leader, Mr. Baldwin, and his colleagues to acceptance of his Indian policy. At the end of the Second Conference he was able to state to the delegates and in Parliament that he was authorised by his colleagues—mainly Conservatives—to give the assurance that the policy of the late Socialist Government, as defined in the above quotations, was the policy of the present Government. And so it has been up to date. Thus, just as a dozen of the Princes purported to commit the whole body of 562, without any prior consultation, so a few Conservative leaders claim to have committed the whole party to the transfer of responsibility for Indian Government from the Crown and Parliament to a hypothetical all-India Federation, in which outside Defence and Foreign affairs the British element is to be practically eliminated.

## The Princes' Alarm

- That is a position which few in India and no-one in this country had even contemplated before the end of 1930. The main factors in bringing it about were: (a) the Socialist Government had authorised Lord Irwin to make the announcement in October 1929 regarding Dominion status which led to the disastrous civil disobedience campaign of 1930, and for a time reduced British authority and prestige to a shadow; (b) some of the Princes, alarmed at the paralysis of the authority which guaranteed their internal sovereignty and the integrity of their States, sought assurances from the Viceroy on 7th February, 1930, and, finding little comfort in his reply, were driven to negotiate with British-Indian politicians, who hoped, with the support of the Princes, to secure control of the Government of British India.

This is no mere speculation. We have a contemporary record of the negotiations in the following despatch of its well-informed representative at Delhi—where the negotiations took place—to the Calcutta "Statesman" of March 30, 1930.

The Maharajas of Patiala, Bikanir, Alwar, the Nawab of Bhopal and other Princes are now in Delhi, holding important conversations with Indian

politicians, prominent among whom are Pandit Malaviya and Mr. Jinnah. The European group are also represented. Pandit Malaviya advocates a Federal India in which the Princes would have a powerful voice reserved for themselves by constitutional right, and invites them to accept a self-governing British India as heir in full to all the rights of the British Crown and Parliament; in other words, he asks the Princes to be their own guarantors for their privileges and position.

The present rulers of princely India show a marked disposition to give this view a careful, not to say sympathetic, hearing. . . .

The Princes believe they have grievances. They are apparently not impressed with the Government of India to-day, and they consider that now is the moment to join the largest crowd, which, while not necessarily composed of rodents, is engaged on evacuating an unseaworthy vessel. Something should be done about this.

The comparison to a sinking ship is apposite, and who can blame the Princes if, for the time, some of them looked round for other means of safety?

#### To Eliminate the Crown

All this confirms the information obtained from other and more direct sources as to the genesis of the Federation Scheme. It will be observed that the proposal put forward by Pandit Malaviya aimed at the elimination of the British Crown and Parliament. The Princes concerned, though giving it a "sympathetic hearing," were too loyal to the British connection and too sensible of its advantages to be willing to repudiate it lightly. The Pandit gave way as leader to a distinguished Brahman, Sir T. B. Sapru—Law Member during Lord Reading's Viceroyalty—more practical and statesmanlike, who, with another able caste-fellow and relative, Colonel Haksar, the Prime Minister of Gwalior, was the chief originator and exponent of the Federation scheme put forward some months later at the London Conference.

It at once captured the imagination of Lord Reading, head of the Liberal delegation, who as Viceroy had had Sir T. B. Sapru as a colleague, and of his co-delegate, Lord Lothian.

The Conservative delegates then refused to commit themselves. Indeed, Sir Samuel Hoare, speaking on 24th December, 1932, of the first Conference, aptly said: "Let us throw our minds back to those days scarcely any of us really understood the implications of Federation!"

#### Mr. MacDonald's "Ignorance"

But the Prime Minister was already so confident of success that the very wording of his announcement—quoted above—of 19th January, 1931, was practically given final shape at Chequers in the Christmas holidays three weeks before it was made. With what levity and ignorance is the future of hundreds of millions decided!

That announcement of January, 1931, forms the root principle of the White Paper, for, though Sir Samuel Hoare in December, 1932, spoke of the rights of the *three* partners being effectively safeguarded, the Crown and Parliament, hitherto the predominant partner and the only stabilising

and unifying influence in India, are eliminated in all but name.

But the last thing that the Princes as a body desire is the weakening of the Paramount Power, which by treaties and agreements guarantees the integrity of their States, and in the last resort, as shown in the recent troubles in Kashmir and Alwar, is prepared to maintain that integrity, subject to decent standards of administration, by its military forces.

Many of the Princes, including some of those who accepted it in 1930, after examination of the scheme, now show increasing dislike for it: the Government, recognising this, are undoubtedly using various forms of persuasion to secure their adhesion. One section of the Princes is definitely hostile, and their view was vigorously expressed by the late Chancellor, the Maharaja Jam Sahib of Nawanagar. In presenting his report to the Viceroy on 25th March last, he said that "*the present scheme was dangerous to the States and the British connection. He feared that the Federal Court, the Viceroy and the Upper Chamber will be unable to prevent the Federal centre from swallowing up the States.*"

#### Attacks on the Princes

Having regard to the repeated attacks on the Princes as "mediaeval anachronisms" by Indian extremists, who may well gain control of the Federal Government, this alarm is not ill-founded.

Many other Princes feel similar apprehensions but are unwilling to antagonise the British Government, from which some are hoping to receive important concessions, on the one hand, or the ambitious British Indian politicians on the other, and to expose themselves to the reproach of having gone back on their word. Hence their insistence on safeguards. The Secretary of State's recent statement that if once they enter the Federation, they can never break away from it, does not tend to allay their growing misgivings. Indeed, some have already indicated to the Joint Committee that they retain the right to break away.

Thus matters have come to something like an *impasse*. If a way out has to be found it certainly must not be by the sacrifice to the ambitions of British Indian politicians of the interests of the Princes, who have always been our loyal supporters, in peace and in war, and who have been forced into the present dilemma by the failure of the British Government in 1929-31 to discharge its obligations to them and to the peoples of India and the precipitate acceptance of the Socialist policy by Mr. Baldwin. If a Federation is ever to be established on a firm footing it can only be—after all other pre-requisites have been fulfilled—on the basis of partnership with adequate representation in the Legislatures, the Executives, and the Services, all-India and Provincial, of the British Crown and Parliament, hitherto the predominant partner but ignored by the White Paper. Such a solution would give confidence to the Princes and to all who desire the welfare of India as "an integral part of the British Empire," as postulated in the Reforms Act of 1919.

# The Betrayal of our Navy—

—By The Lossiemouth Delilah

By "KIM"

**T**HE position of the British Navy is to-day about as precarious as it could well be.

Thanks to our Internationalist politicians, with their one unswerving passion for making "gestures" to the infinite peril of the safety of the realm, the Navy is quite unable to guarantee the integrity of the British Islands if within the next few years there should be a war.

In plain English, we have come now to a stage when, in the event of war being precipitated, we could not avoid great danger of defeat and starvation. Our food supplies could be cut off with results that one boggles to put into plain words.

This is no exaggerated statement. Within the last week or so we have had Lord Beatty, at the Navy League Dinner, telling the nation plainly of the "terrible risks" we have run and are continuing to run. We have him gloomily alluding to the loss of 12,000 highly trained officers and men within recent years and doubting whether we actually have the men to-day to man the ships.

## "Those Mad Pacifists"

It is a pity Lord Beatty did not raise his voice three years ago when this country was being dragged unwillingly at the heels of those mad pacifists, Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald, Henderson, Alexander and Benn, who signed away our Naval Security in that execrable document, the Treaty of London. At that time Lord Beatty's prestige stood high, and his protest might have had far-reaching results. Then there is Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, the present First Lord of the Admiralty, who says the Navy has been "cut to the quick" and who incurs a heavy responsibility if he does not insist on a sufficiently adequate programme of construction and personnel immediately Parliament reassembles. We have Sir Ernle Chatfield, the First Sea Lord, alluding to the "growing apprehension" on the subject.

If we want other names, we have Sir John Simon, who has on two occasions recently used the phrase "to the edge of risk" in referring to our disarmament follies. We have Mr. Walter Runciman being jocose in a pawky Liberal way, but admitting that he would welcome a longer Naval programme if it did not add to the Estimates. Why is it we tolerate inanities from our politicians such as we would not dream of accepting from other men?

## The Premier's Bullying

We have the Prime Minister going down to Crawley and, in one of the most fatuous speeches which even he has ever delivered, using the question of disarmament (and accordingly the British Navy) as a sort of pawn in the game of trying to browbeat and cajole Germany. He was the Prime Minister, and let us not forget it, who signed the London Treaty in 1930.

Finally, we have our Mr. Baldwin, who on the

subject of the Navy has said precisely nothing at all. As the nominal Leader of the Conservative Party, but actually a Liberal-Socialist of surrenderist disposition, it is precisely the attitude we might expect of him. However, the constituencies now expressing their views at the polls, from East Fulham onwards, are pretty clearly indicating what they think of the Conservative leadership, in which national defence and the utter failure of all the Disarmament proposals are questions of lively import.

The utter neglect of the Navy, our first line of defence, is so cynical in its entire disregard of the necessities of the nation as a whole, to say nothing of the needs of the Empire, as to leave us in bewilderment that such a betrayal was possible without violent denunciation by the Conservative Party. Unfortunately, all Parties allowed themselves to be duped by the meretricious allurements of Geneva, while those persons who were not deceived suffered abuse.

## Our Obsolete Ships

Under the Treaty of London we were allowed only 50 cruisers for all our commitments, although before the war we possessed 108. We are permitted to build cruisers up to a total tonnage of 192,200, armed with guns up to 6.1 in., but when the Treaty expires on December 31, 1936, we shall have voluntarily debarred ourselves from building more than 91,000 tons in replacements. To-day our best ships are fast becoming obsolete. Nine cruisers are already above the age limit laid down in the Treaty, and between this and the end of next year another thirteen will be added to the list.

Our naval policy before the War was to maintain a cruiser fleet at least equal to the next two Powers combined. *To-day we are not even the strongest individual naval Power.* Our total naval tonnage under the Treaty is down by 47 per cent., whilst that of the United States is up by 29 per cent., and Japan by 37 per cent., in addition to which both of these powerful naval Powers have recently announced huge new building programmes. It should be added in this survey that neither France nor Italy accepted any limitation on cruisers, destroyers and submarines.

## The Lossiemouth Delilah

Thus was the British Samson shorn by the Lossiemouth Delilah and handed over to the Philistines of Geneva. Now we want to know what the present Government proposes to do about it. Is it prepared to build to the full limits of the Treaty of London and reduce to some extent our inequality, or does it propose to leave the country in its present condition of awful defencelessness by sea, land, and air, while the Prime Minister proceeds to pursue other avenues all leading in the end to disillusionment?



After all, a Government which will go to America and, cap in hand, implore them not to spend money in restoring their Navy, is capable of anything. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at Crawley evidently glories in a pacifism which leaves us defenceless. "A lover of peace all my days" he told his Crawley audience, but actually he meant that he loved class war and hated a foreign war in which Great Britain might be supreme.

"We have reduced our Army, we have reduced and kept down our Air Force," he boasted, when indulging in his tirade against Hitler, in whom he is evidently still prepared to place his trust despite the evidence which France has placed at our disposal and the illuminating sidelight on a Boche mentality that never changes *au fond* as revealed in the arrest of Mr. Panter, the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent. "The British Government will not give up its attempts," he says, as with an air of finality.

Yet with the collapse of Geneva, things cannot any longer remain as they are. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, although Prime Minister, is without power. Oblivious as are the so-called Tory leaders, Messrs. Baldwin, the Chamberlains, and all the rest of them to the murmurings of the

constituencies where the true tory will no longer record his vote for a "National" Government that is international, they have had a severe shock at East Fulham.

The man in the street sees much more clearly than our fuddled Pacifist Ministers that weakness breeds uncertainty and wars, whereas strength is the best guarantee of peace. He begins to realise that with Europe a cockpit of dissensions the only security for world peace is a Britain strong by sea, by land, and by air. He realises that the Christian spirit of brotherliness does not generally work if one man is unarmed and unprotected while the other is bristling with guns. Militarism as a scare-word is to-day dead, and Ministers who continue to genuflect at the altar of Pacifism and thereby induce wars and unsettlement are doomed.

Personally, I believe Mr. Baldwin and all the old gang with him are doomed anyhow. Their antics over the India White Paper, over Tariffs, and over national defences have at last shown them up in their true colours. The question is, can conservatism shake itself free from the incubus and find leaders who will take the only path to safety? To save itself and the country it must do so quickly.

## TRIPLE BRASS

Simon and Baldwin and Ramsay Mac.  
Met one morning to have a clack:  
Ramsay and Stanley said to John,  
"How in the hell are we going on?  
Here we stand on the brink of ruin;  
It's Socialism's been our undoing';  
We've tried it pale and we've tried it pink,  
And a lot it's done for us, we don't think.  
Nobody wants us or cares a cuss  
If we lead our Parties or they lead us;  
Nobody cares if we take our hook,  
As requested by Little Lord Beaverbrook;  
We've skulked and scuttled, we've tried surrender,  
But ever our prospects grow more slender;  
We've flown the White Paper, we've sold the pass,  
And has it paid us? The hell it has!  
India's rotten, Disarmament's dead:  
Is there no new stunt we can work instead?"

Simon, MacDonald and Stanley B.,  
Known to the world as the Spineless Three,  
Mourned together; then up spake Stan.:  
"I've got a perfectly splendid plan  
That will bring us on top again good and hearty:  
What about forming a National Party?"  
"With me as the boss," said Ramsay, "I'm on."  
"The voters will gobble it up," said Simon.  
"What do we give them? The usual bunk?  
Then let's get a move on before we're sunk."

HAMADRYAD.

## SERIAL The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by the Boswell Printing & Publishing Co., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. This instalment opens with a reference to Lord Brentford's declaration in favour of a "Britain for British" policy in 1924.

This hope was echoed by every patriot, and on the accession of a Conservative Government to office in the following autumn, a deputation from the National Citizens' Union—headed by Colonel Lane, whose work with regard to this question had been unremitting throughout the past twelve years—urged Sir William Joynson-Hicks to carry out a "tightening-up policy."<sup>1</sup>

This was followed in February 1925 by the inevitable deputation from the Jewish Board of Deputies to urge the contrary course and to relax restrictions. Sir William, however, held his ground, and pointed out that "the entry of an alien was a privilege, not a right, and we were entitled to make any condition we liked for the exercise of that privilege."<sup>2</sup> The *Jewish World* disputed this contention, declaring that the powers the Home Secretary was exercising were "unconstitutional and illegal" and that he was putting them into force "by sheer brute power, the very acme of unrighteousness. . . . It is this abominable system that Sir William Joynson-Hicks defends and seems to gloat over, and which he has the temerity to assert is in the interests of the country. . . . It never entered the mind of the Home Secretary that he is the servant of the alien [my italics] as of all subjects of His Majesty, or that, as such, the alien in this country at least has distinct rights and privileges."<sup>3</sup>

As to those aliens whom Lord Brentford had described as guilty of illegal or immoral practices, the *Jewish World* observed: "Why should aliens be punished for immorality and natives be allowed to indulge in it with impunity?"<sup>4</sup>

### "Much Too Lenient"

The natives, however, were still determined to put up some resistance, and in October 1925 Mr. P. J. Hannon, M.P., addressed a letter to the Home Secretary expressing the profound anxiety throughout the rank and file of the Conservative Party in regard to the "much too lenient attitude of the Government towards aliens in this country." Sir William Joynson-Hicks, however, replied that he was now quite satisfied with the present organisation of the Aliens Department in the matter of alien agitators.<sup>5</sup>

With regard to alien immigration in general, a Bill named the "Aliens' Restriction Amendment Bill," which sought to continue the restrictions embodied in the Act of 1919, was introduced in the House of Lords and passed after its third

reading on July 20, 1927. But there the matter ended. No time could be found to debate the question in the Commons, and the Bill was accordingly dropped.

The net result of the Government's policy on the alien question is shown by the following statistics:

The number of permits issued for the immigration of aliens for employment in this country during 1924 when the Labour Party was in office was 3,875; during 1925, after the Conservatives had been returned to power, it rose to 5,349, and in 1926 to 5,540.<sup>6</sup>

### Naturalised Aliens

With regard to naturalisation, the Home Secretary stated in the House on July 14, 1927, that "in 1924, 935 aliens were naturalised in this country; in 1925, 1,074, and in 1926, 1,345; not a bad return for a Conservative Home Secretary as compared with his predecessor, a Labour Home Secretary."

But from what point of view was this "not bad"? From that of the "foreign humanity which would have done better to remain in its own country" or of Britains seeking in vain for work and houses? One reads these words with bewilderment. Unhappily this was not the only question on which the Conservative Government disappointed some of their most ardent supporters.

### Reform of the Lords

There was the matter of the Reform of the House of Lords, promised by Conservatives throughout succeeding Governments since 1922, and again by Mr. Baldwin before the General Election of 1924. In April 1925, in February, June and July 1927, debates took place on the subject, but in the end, as *The Times* expressed it, "the *ballon d'essai* of the reform of the House of Lords was allowed to float out of sight and out of mind."

The fact is that the Conservatives themselves were divided on the question, and the reason finally given for shelving it was the difficulty of getting unanimity as to what form the proposed reforms should take. Different views prevailed between Lords and Commons, and also between the Lords themselves. The Socialists, of course, opposed all question of reform, since in their opinion the House of Lords should be abolished altogether. This was only natural since men who have a stake in the country provide the principal obstacle to the predatory schemes of Socialism. Besides, the House of Lords is in the main representative of the traditions that Socialists are anxious to destroy. For, although in modern England it would be a mistake to confound rank

<sup>1</sup> See *The Alien Menace: A Statement of the Case*, by Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Lane (St. Stephen's Publishing Company).

<sup>2</sup> *Evening Standard*, February 6, 1925.

<sup>3</sup> *Date of February 12, 1925.*

<sup>4</sup> *Daily Herald*, October 19, 1925.

<sup>5</sup> Statement in House of Commons on April 12, 1927.

## SERIAL

with breeding, the House of Lords, in spite of dilution by plebeian elements, does still contain a majority of what can only be described as "gentlemen." The value of such men to the government of the country was well set forth 130 years ago by Professor Robison, whose definition of the term has, in my opinion, never been surpassed:

There is something that we call the behaviour of a Gentleman that is immediately and uniformly understood. The plainest peasant or labourer will say of a man whom he esteems in a certain way, "He is a Gentleman, every bit of him,"—and he is perfectly understood by all who hear him to mean, not a rank in life, but a turn of mind, a tenor of conduct that is amiable and worthy, and the ground of confidence. I remark, with some feeling of patriotic pride, that these are phrases almost peculiar to our language . . . If therefore there be a foundation for this peculiarity, the Gentry are proper objects of choice for filling the House of Commons. . . . The history of Parliament will show that the Gentry have not been the most venal part of the House. The illumination which now dazzles the world aims directly at multiplying the number of venal members, by filling the senates of Europe with men who may be brought at a low price. Ministerial corruption is the fruit of liberty.<sup>1</sup>

The history of democracy since these words were written bears out this judgment and tends to show that nothing is more disastrous to a country than to be ruled by men who have nothing to lose.

The necessity for a rightly constituted Upper Chamber must therefore be apparent to everyone who desires to see the Mother of Parliaments restored to something of her ancient prestige.

### Extension of Safeguarding

The Conservative Government of 1924-9, like that of 1923, was pledged not to introduce Protection or to impose any taxes on food.

But even the most convinced Cobdenites had recognised the necessity for some measure of protection against the influx of foreign goods, and Safeguarding, which is really only another name for Protection, had been introduced by the Act of June 1921 under the Coalition Government. Ardent Protectionists hoped that the Conservative Government of 1924 would avail themselves of the latitude this Act provided to extend Safeguarding to the heavy industries, but although some extensions were made—notably to lace, silk, gloves, cutlery, etc., and preference was given to Empire sugar and tobacco, whilst the MacKenna duties on motor-cars, cinema films, etc., repealed by the Labour Party in 1924, were reimposed, the principle was not applied to iron and steel or, again, to cotton goods, although such a measure was held in many quarters to be the only remedy for the industrial depression prevailing throughout the North of England. But it was precisely there that Protection met with the strongest opposition, and many convinced Protectionist reformers held that it would be unwise to impose further tariffs for the moment. The Party had

already suffered one crushing defeat by going to the country on Protection, was it again to risk its whole existence on the same issue? There was much to be said for this contention, but it is difficult to understand why greater efforts were not made to bring the electorate over to the Protectionist point of view. If, as Mr. Baldwin had said in 1923, Protection was the only remedy for unemployment, why did the Party not reiterate this conviction on every possible occasion? Why, whenever the Conservatives were reproached for failing to do away with unemployment, did they not ceaselessly repeat that it was impossible as long as the country refused to accept that remedy? To harp on this string would have been to silence the Opposition, and possibly to convince the electorate of the necessity for further measures of Protection.

Such then was the manner in which the Conservative Government dealt with the first seven points of the programme outlined at the beginning of the preceding chapter—the last two dealing with foreign and imperial policy will form the subject of succeeding chapters. It will be seen from this résumé that, as in 1923, they had carefully refrained from adopting "provocative" measures, preferring to take their stand on what they called a "constructive programme," by which they meant a programme in no way distinctively Conservative. Apart from the few extensions they had given to Safeguarding, the reduction of the income tax by 6d., the belated Trades Disputes Act and the rupture of relations with Russia, they had done nothing that could be described by the Labour Party as "reactionary."

### A Little Useful Work

At the same time they had carried out a considerable amount of sound administration with regard to housing, education, health, agriculture and industry. The Rating and Valuation Act of 1925 brought much needed relief to productive industry by reducing rates on manufacturing premises, and this, together with the reduction of income-tax and the fresh Safeguarding measures, led to the result that the figures for unemployment were on the downward grade when the Government went out in May 1929.

Meanwhile the laudable attempt to bring about "Peace in Industry" by the scheme of "rationalisation" discussed at the so-called Turner-Mond Conferences (meetings between the Trade Union Congress headed by Mr. Ben Turner and the Employers' Organisations, headed by Sir Alfred Mond, later Lord Melchett) led to no very definite results. Advocates of individual enterprise, whilst recognising the necessity of combined effort to eliminate unproductive mines, etc., and to restore industry, regarded the idea of rationalisation in the sense of big trusts and combines with disfavour, as paving the way for nationalisation. Indeed, the Socialist openly proclaimed it as the first step to this goal, and it is questionable how far the T.U.C. supported it for this purpose.

<sup>1</sup> *Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe carried on in the secret meetings of the Freemasons, Illuminati, etc.*, by John Robison, A.M. (1798), pp. 532-585.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 8, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28, and Nov. 4.



# The Viceroy and the McGinty's

## When they Tied the Cold Meats to the Dinner Table

By Lt.-Colonel Cyril Foley

**W**HEN in 1892 the present Lord Crewe was Viceroy of Ireland, I had the good fortune to be one of his A.D.C.'s. He was then Lord Houghton, and a worthy descendant of his illustrious father. He was also a most amiable and considerate chief who, beneath a rather aloof exterior, possessed a keen sense of humour. This had, of course, to be sternly repressed on official occasions, but the McGinty family nearly proved too much for him.

It must be explained that at a drawing-room at the Castle the debutantes entered the room from the left, and passed through two ranks of A.D.C.'s, till they came to the Viceroy, who kissed them, after they had curtsied. One young lady, who was unprepared for this, withdrew her face and whispered, "Some other time, my lord," but this did not occur while I was there.

On this particular occasion Lord Charlemont began operations by announcing Miss Nellie Bass as "Miss Bass," to rhyme with "Pass," much to her indignation, and the good work was kept up by the presentation of the McGinty sisters. First we had Miss Arabella McGinty, followed by her sister, Miss Arethusa. Captain Fielden ("the Child"), of the Greys, who was standing next to me, whispered "There can't be three of them, can there?"

I said, "Impossible," but we were both wrong.

When Lord Charlemont announced Miss Araminta McGinty we were both on the borderline where control threatens to become impossible, and when a fourth sister in the shape of Miss Annabella McGinty appeared, we completely broke down. However, we were saved by the lady, who ran out of the course in her excitement, before getting to the "throne," and we managed to hide our smiles, during the process of retrieving her.

### A Question of Partnership

It seems strange to think that in those days the outstanding "goodlooker" at the Castle balls was Miss Gore-Booth, afterwards Countess Markovitch, the renowned rebel. At a luncheon party the day following one of these balls, I found myself at one of the many small tables, with "the Child" and six other people, all unutterably dull and very much on their "viceregal" behaviour.

One of them, who was a well-known gossip, said to me: "I saw you dancing a great deal last night with Miss Gore-Booth; how does she dance, and has she much to say for herself?" I said: "She is a very nice girl," but this would not satisfy the inquisitive old woman.

"Now, captain, tell me, would you prefer Miss Gore-Booth as a dancing partner or as a talking partner?" Annoyed by this inquisitive persistence, I said, "I should personally prefer her as a

sleeping partner." There was a dreadful silence, only broken by gurglings from "the Child."

I was duly reported and spoken to by Lord Houghton during our daily ride in the Phoenix before breakfast the next morning, but I fancy he was really more amused than angry.

In days gone by hunting men used to wear a bird's-eye fogel blue stock, all bunched up and secured by a double pin, and looked, according to their pictures, very striking figures. Now the ditches in Meath being exceptionally deep, it was impossible to get out of them without assistance, and men called "wreckers" used to make a living by hauling out the unfortunates who visited their depths.

### A Tale of a "Pacock"

One morning, before going out hunting, Colonel Foster, the Master of the Horse who had been on Sir Edward Blakeney's staff at the Royal Hospital with my father, brought me the "Pink 'Un" and showed me a paragraph. It read, "There is a story of a very distinguished and much respected General Officer who, as a subaltern, was hunting in Meath. He fell into a deep ditch and was rescued by a 'wrecker.' Having pulled him out, the latter regarded him with the greatest interest and admiration and said:

"Begorrah! it isn't a man, it's a pacock."

I read it and said, "That's rather funny."

"Yes," said Colonel Foster, "and it may interest you to know that the subaltern referred to was your father."

In those days the Liberals were in office, and it was very dull as far as the social side went, as few of one's friends came to the Castle or the Viceregal, but their absence was more than made up for by some of the local visitors. The pilferings, especially on St. Patrick night's ball, became so bad that the late Colonel Harry White told me that in Lord Londonderry's time they used to attach the cold meats to an elastic tied to the table, so that when the old ladies, who had concealed food under their shawls, reached the door, the tension on the elastic became such that the chicken or tongue or ham which they were carrying off, flew back to the plate from which it had been taken.

On another occasion he came suddenly into the supper room, and saw an old lady throw something under the table and hurriedly leave the room. His curiosity being aroused, he looked to see what it was, and found one of those stiff blanc-mange which are made in a shape, and in it embedded the upper row of a set of false teeth.

The unfortunate old lady had been having a bite on her way out and had hurriedly thrown the blanc-mange under the table without, of course, realising its adhesive qualities.

# Nazi Plots in Tanganyika

## Anti-British Propaganda that Must be Stamped Out

By Robert Machray

**D**O we want to keep Tanganyika or do we not? The necessity for answering this question comes nearer and nearer daily and before long will be insistent, because of the constant and increasing pressure of Hitlerite propaganda in what the Germans still call *Deutsch-ostafrika*.

Perhaps it has been forgotten that the old Pan-Germanism embraced *Mittelafrika* as well as *Mitteleuropa*. What on earth did it not embrace? Now revived by Herr Hitler, it has as an essential part of its programme of political and economic expansion the return to Germany of her lost colonies, but it is on the recovery of Tanganyika that the greatest emphasis is laid. All competent observers agree that this is the case; indeed, one of them the other day, after spending some time in Germany, said that the immediate objectives of all Germans were the "restoration of German East Africa and the annihilation of the Polish Corridor" (Mr. A. J. Cummings, in the *News Chronicle*, October 16).

Many readers may be surprised that in the foregoing quotation "German East" is coupled with the "Corridor" as primary interests of aggressive Germany, but this is rather because our newspapers have said a great deal, quite rightly, about the "Corridor," and very little, quite wrongly, about her colonial ambitions and aims. It is very different in Germany, where, before Hitler's triumph, the restoration of the colonies was kept well to the front.

### Wake Up, England

Public opinion in England needs to be stirred up on this question, to be told what is going on, and to realise what it all means. Some months ago there was a sudden, and it is to be hoped a thoroughly significant, outburst of national interest in this matter. It came out of the Four Power Pact, and so far as I can see is the only good thing that has or is likely to come out of that sorry business.

One of the centres of the storm that beat fiercely on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in connection with his precious conversations with Signor Mussolini at Rome was a report that treaty revision was to be applied to the former German colonies, particularly Tanganyika. The country reacted at once indignantly, and Mr. MacDonald felt compelled to state that Tanganyika had not even been mentioned at Rome. All the same, the original draft of the Pact did contain a colonial clause—it eventually disappeared.

After the War enemy—German—properties in the Territory were sequestered, but some of these were subsequently bought back by the Germans, either openly or by Indians and others representing them. Even before Hitler attained power the

natives were informed by the Germans that this kind of thing meant that the occupation of the country by the British was purely temporary and that ere long the land would be in the hands of its former owners. At first this was said in whispers, but as time went on and Germany was given concession after concession by the Allies it was repeated with increasing boldness; it is stated roundly and loudly enough now, and amounts to nothing less than a deliberate attempt to undermine the authority of the Mandatory Government, that is, our Government in Tanganyika.

### A Wicked Slander

A particularly mean and malicious form of propaganda in Germany asserts that the British are supremely indifferent to the welfare of the natives in the Territory, as "shown by the spread of sleeping sickness." The truth is that the British have opened up in Tanganyika great tracts of territory, hitherto unpenetrated, in which this dreadful disease is found, but everything possible is being done there to combat it by the devoted Government medical officers. In the older areas, as is well known, the disease has been effectively dealt with. Sleeping sickness is not spreading!

Nor is direct action by the Germans lacking in Tanganyika. To start with, there is a German boycott of British goods—there's "richness" for you! Nazi "cells" and branches of the *Deutscher Bund*, with headquarters at Tanga, have been established in many parts of the Territory. Nazi agents, masquerading as business men, come from Germany on fairly frequent visits and quickly do all the damage they can. There is a German Club in Tanga—a centre of propaganda.

The other day Sir John Sandeman Allen, M.P., chairman of the Joint East Africa Board, when invited by the Chamber of Commerce at Moshi to address a public meeting discovered he was debarred by the German majority from discussing Tanganyika under the Mandate—according to a message, dated October 3 from Nairobi, to *The Times*.

Why is Germany so anxious to get Tanganyika back?

A glance at a map of Africa and the Indian Ocean shows the real reason to be political. The return to her of Tanganyika would mean that she would interpose a huge German area between distinctively British colonies—Kenya and Uganda on the north and Nyasaland and the two Rhodesias on the south-east, and further, would provide her with submarine and aircraft bases to menace our immense Eastern trade. The mere mention of these possibilities should be sufficient to indicate why we must keep Tanganyika.

# The Future of Aerial Warfare

## Dangers that are Exaggerated

By Paul Painlevé

*[This article was written for the SATURDAY REVIEW shortly before M. Paul Painlevé's death. He writes not only as a former Prime Minister of France, but also as a brilliant scientist and mathematician. His work on aviation, written before 1908, is recognised as a classic.]*

IT has become the fashion of late to indulge in forecasts of what will happen in the event of another war and to draw terrible pictures of the horrors in store for non-combatants. The progress of chemistry and aviation has encouraged imaginative prophets to tell the public pleasant stories of huge aeroplanes dropping enormous poison gas-filled bombs from which the inhabitants of whole cities will be unable to escape.

No one can accuse me of being blind to the advance which is constantly being made in technical science, for, when flying was in its infancy a quarter of a century ago, I ventured to make predictions which seemed ridiculous and fantastic at the time but which have become accomplished facts even sooner than I expected; but now, when the public is asked to accept alarming statements without confirmation, it seems to me that I can render service by saying that the improvements in engines of destruction do not in the least constitute a danger against which there is no remedy.

In my opinion, another war, which we should endeavour to avoid at any cost, would be more dangerous to civilians than the last, in consequence of the development of air fleets and the use of gases, but it would certainly not be waged with weapons against which the defence would be powerless.

### Gas Attacks

We cannot arrive at correct estimates by merely multiplying the results obtained in laboratory experiments. Alarming prophecies, similar to those now being indulged in, were made when melinite was discovered. I am well acquainted with the latest experiments made with gases, and I have no hesitation in saying that asphyxiating a city with gas bombs would be anything but easy. It would require an immense number of 'planes, which would certainly not be allowed to do as they pleased. Aeroplanes have been improved, but so have the means of defence against them.

The same may be said of attacks with explosives carried by 'planes. The part played by bombing machines in the last war was sensational and terrifying, but comparatively insignificant from the military point of view. The destructive effects of tolite and yperite, which were in use before the war, were just as great as those of more modern compounds.

Let us examine what actually took place during the last war. The records of air attacks on towns show that two-thirds of the machines told off for these operations returned to their bases either

without having accomplished anything or having merely dropped their bombs in the open fields. Although the quantity of explosives they could carry was limited, the number of these machines was ten times as great as that which would be available for an enemy at the outbreak of another war.

We have many excellent ways of defending ourselves against such attacks. Anti-aircraft guns and mine-throwers have been greatly improved, and their fire is effective up to a height of 18,000 feet; consequently, an air bombardment from 9,000 feet—which could have very little effect from a greater altitude—could be readily repelled. The artillery would, of course, be useless if the enemy machines were at 24,000 or 25,000 feet, but the air bombers would be unable to see their target and would have to drop their bombs at random. A position can be defended by captive balloons stationed at different heights and connected by wires so as to form huge aerial cobwebs.

### Rocket Defences

Another method, which belongs to the future but is sure to be perfected, is supplied by rockets, which would be a very useful defence, especially at 26,000 or 27,000 feet.

Everyone has heard of the so-called "death rays" which mysterious inventors are said to have placed at the disposal of certain Governments. The public has been told that these rays will put the magnetos of aeroplane engines out of action, thus forcing the machines to come down. In the present state of scientific knowledge, these rays could not be utilised unless the magneto happened to be connected with a special receiving apparatus, and this would hardly be the case with any machine whose business it was to escape the effects of these rays.

In addition to all these purely military methods of defence, we have a deterrent in the shape of aerial counter-attacks.

This policy would be based on a large air fleet comprising machines of considerable size and also commercial 'planes. All Governments are helping towards the construction and maintenance of commercial 'planes because, after undergoing slight alterations, they could be utilised at great heights. For reconnoitring, all that would be needed would be a fleet of small and comparatively inexpensive machines.

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# The Day of Remembrance

## Lest We Forget!

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

**O**H! those terrible unforgettable years—that seemed unending! Years of misery and anguish to we women who had to stay at home and wait—when our fathers—our sons—and our nearer and dearer ones—sacrificed their lives daily to save their homes from the starvation and slavery of invasion.

They were fighting—it *must never be forgotten*—against the most overwhelming odds—for many of them were untrained men—with no guns—no ammunition—while the enemy was thoroughly trained and equipped in every detail.

And this shameful thing came about because those who loved their country—and were wise enough to see the approaching doom—were scorned and held up to ridicule.

Lord Roberts—that greatest little soldier—warned—implored—beseeched and entreated the Government to prepare for the War he knew was coming—but all in vain. No one would listen—no one would read the Writing on the Wall—and you children—who have no

fathers to love and guide you—should remember that you were orphaned because of this.

And—to-day—can we say that all this misery—all this loss and sacrifice of splendid lives—all the loneliness in our hearts—has been a lesson to us? Has it taught us anything?

Alas—Nothing!

We have been forced into disarmament—millions of our money have been squandered on Peace Conferences—and the demolition of our Forces of Defence—has been carefully thought-out and very thoroughly accomplished.

For our Prime Minister to-day—Ramsay MacDonald—is the same man who—when our soldiers were being mown down and could not defend themselves for want of ammunition—preached far and wide to munition workers to play Ca-canny—and to strike!!

How can any of you—who read these words and mourn the irreparable loss of the one you loved best—be sure that your dear one's life was not sacrificed—through the TREACHERY OF THIS TRAITOR!!

### ◆ THE SOLDIER ◆

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by  
England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

—Rupert Brooke

The Warden, 14th of 1901

to the Hon. Sec. of the Interior

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Yours very truly,

Wm. H. Wood

Warden

Alcatraz Island

San Francisco, Cal.

Enclosed for the Hon. Sec. of the Interior are two copies of a report

of the progress of the work on the island during the month of May.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Yours very truly,

Wm. H. Wood

Warden

Alcatraz Island

San Francisco, Cal.

Very truly yours,

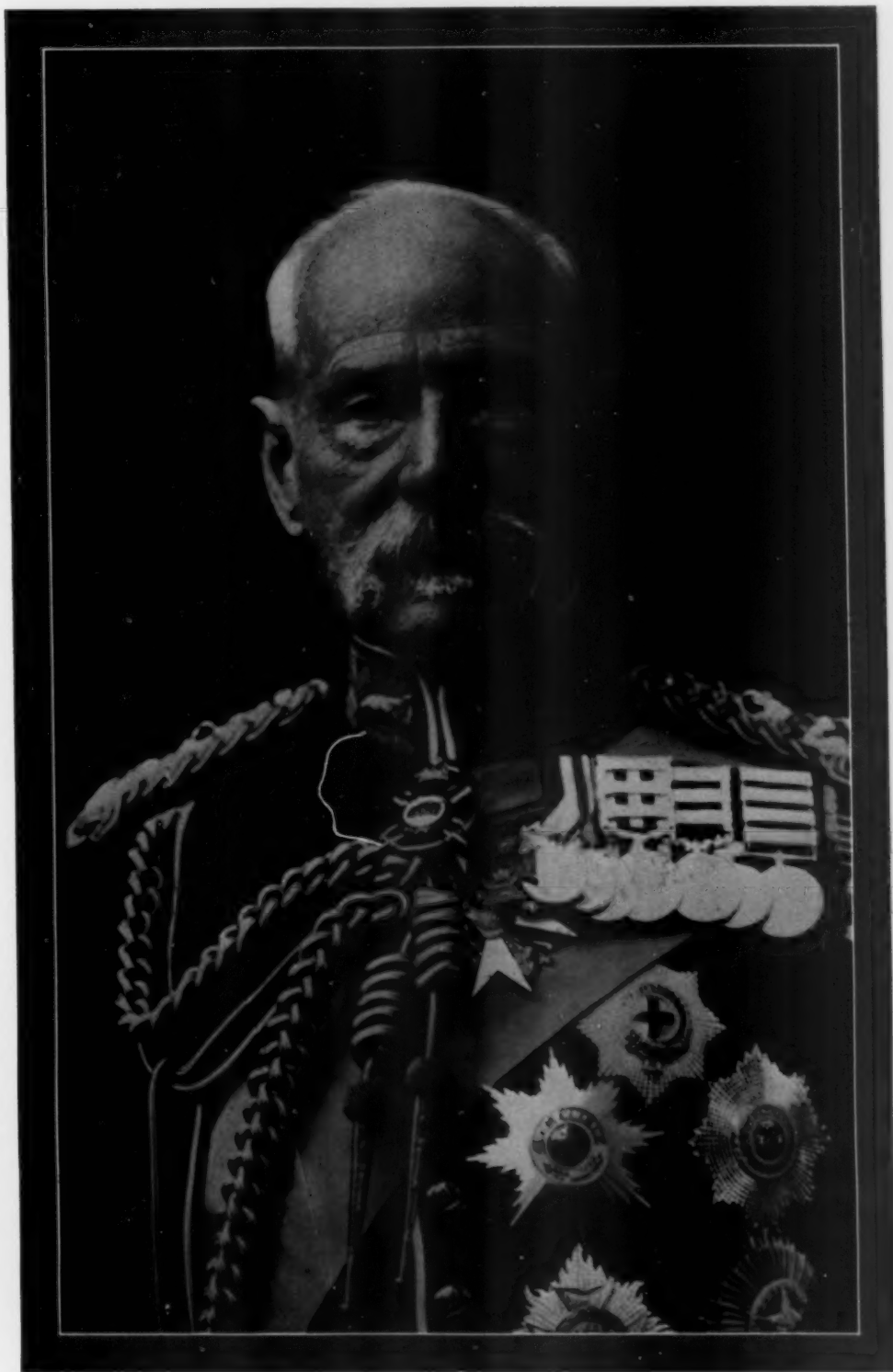
Wm. H. Wood





# He Warned Us in 1911—

**His Warning is True To-Day**



Lord Roberts implored the Government to give him only Three Million Pounds to enable him to form an army sufficient to prevent Germany starting the War which cost this Nation £6,000,000 per day



# Our Unemployed Merchant Seamen

By Commander C. Euman, R.N. (Retired)

**D**URING the years of the War our food supply was gallantly maintained against all odds by the men of the Merchant Navy—but alas these same men are now having a hard fight to maintain their own food supply through lack of employment.

During the war these men were enrolled in a temporary Royal Naval Reserve to protect us—cannot now a temporary Royal Naval Reserve be formed to protect them? Which in turn may benefit us in time of need.

At the present time thousands of these men are roaming the country from port to port, unfed and in rags, their manhood being sapped, their self respect ruined, the ready prey for any social agitators searching for victims.

Admittedly we spend thousands of pounds on the dole for these men, but this in itself is an evil as it necessitates them loafing in towns to draw the dole in their travels from port to port in search of ships that never sail.

Cannot we spend this money better? Cannot we spare a little for these men who have done so much for us—and on whom we may have to depend again—from the money we waste on the League of Nations, World Conferences, and other Utopian ideals, which up to the present have done nothing for us.

The Organisation of a temporary Royal Naval Reserve for unemployed Merchant Seamen would

only be a question of Parliamentary finance, and could not be held up as the so-termed International crime of increase in armaments.

The men would be housed, fed and physically trained in our three large Naval Barracks, or in our ships in the dockyards which are lying there without crews.

Their services could be utilised for the maintenance of these and other ships and establishments which is sadly needed, and their pay would cost the country very little more than the present dole. They would retain their manhood, health, self-respect and loyalty.

The great shipping lines and ship owners of the country, when trade improves and men are required, could apply to the Admiralty for the number they require and would be assured of getting the best type of men, who had preferred work to loafing round on the dole, as enrolment in this force would be voluntary. Naturally it would follow that these men would get employment first as a reward.

There would not be any question of making any increase in our Naval personnel, and drafting these men to sea-going ships, and thus offending any of our bellicose neighbours.

Our Merchant Navy and its men is too valuable an asset to be allowed to go to ruin, as on it, with the protection of the Royal Navy, the whole existence of our Empire depends.

## The Big Fellow

By "Fish-hawk"

**T**HE burn rambles through the golf links on the last mile of its journey to the Firth, twisting and doubling on to itself like a sluggish snake basking in the early spring sunshine. Just beyond the second green lies a deep pool, overhung by a whin-bush, and with the remains of an old iron gate sunk about half-way down.

In this delightful sanctuary lives the Big Fellow. Big for our burn, be it understood, for up here in Highland streams brown trout seldom exceed twelve ounces, and this one must weigh a good thirty.

Big Fellow usually lies about six inches below the spot where the whin touches the water—in the one spot that no fly can reach, except in an east-south-east wind, the rarest wind we have and the very worst to fish in.

From May onward you will get white-trout or herling in abundance, running up to half-a-pound and fighting like demons. These you will get in daylight or dusk—but the Big Fellow is too wise,

and your only chance with him is for half an hour after sundown.

Then, if you go very canny and fish the longest line you can throw, you may get a rise; more probably you will leave your cast on the whin, but you will keep on trying. I had him on one night for ten never-to-be-forgotten minutes, when it was so dark I could barely see my rod point and nothing at all of my line nor where it led to.

Why he didn't take me through the gate, I cannot think; but we fought it out, till I felt sure of victory. He lay in the water, not a yard from my feet, a dull golden bar in the dim light. I had no net, and dared not try to lift him up the foot high bank; so it was tail him.

Gently I drew him closer and slowly sunk on one knee, hand outstretched for the grip.

With my fingers but an inch from the water, he gave a feeble flip of his tail and—the hook came away!

Ah, well, that was two years ago now. I wonder if he will be there waiting for me next year? I hope so.



# The Lord Mayor's Show

## When Wyfflers, Wolves and Panthers Took Part

By the Rev. Melville Williams

"THE day of S. Simon and S. Jude" (but now November 9th as a result of the New Style Calendar) "the mayor enters into his state and office . . . he goes by water to Westminster in most triumph-like manner, his barge garnished . . . and with divers pieces of ordnance, standards, pennons and targets of the said mayor, of his company and of the merchants' adventurers."

So, in modern spelling, runs, "A breffe description of the Royall Citie of London, capital citie of this realme of England, by me, William Smythe, citizen and Haberdasher of London, 1575."

The record goes on to say that, returning from Westminster where he has taken his Oath, "he landeth at Paul's Wharf, where he, and the rest of the Aldermen take their horses and in great pomp pass through Cheapside. And first of all cometh two great standards; next them two drums and a flute; then an ensign of the City and then about lxx or lxxx poor men marching two by two, in blue gowns, with red sleeves and caps. Then a set of haut boys playing, and after them certain Wyfflers (effers) in velvet coats and chains of gold with white staves."

### The Cap of Honour

Following this comes "a Pageant of Triumph, richly decked, whereon some matter touching Justice and the office of a magistrate is represented. Then sixteen trumpeters, eight and eight . . . then the bachelors (100) two and two in long gowns with crimson hoods on their shoulders of satin . . . after them twelve trumpeters more . . . then the drum and flute of the city . . . the waits . . . the sheriff's officers, the mayor's officers with other officers of the City as the Common Serjeant and the Chamberlain . . . then they of the livery . . . and the sword-bearer having on his head the cap of honour and the sword of the City in rich scabbard set with pearl . . . and the common crier with his great mace on his shoulder, all gilt."

"The Mayor hath on a long gown of scarlet and on his left shoulder a hood of black velvet with a rich collar of gold of SS. about his neck and with him rideth the old Mayor. Then all the aldermen two and two in scarlet gowns . . . the two sheriffs last of all in their black scarlet gowns and chains of gold . . . all two by two."

### The £3,000 Banquet

"In the Gildhall they dine that day to the number of 1,000 persons all at the charge of the Mayor and two sheriffs. This feast costeth 400l., where of the Mayor payeth 200l. and each of the sheriffs, 100l. Immediately after dinner, they go to S. Paul's Church, every one of the aforesaid poor men bearing torches, staff, and targets, which

torches are lighted when it is late before they come from evening prayer."

The Biographia Dramatica takes us on still further than the worthy William Smythe. In 1585 children personified the City, Magnanimity, Loyalty, Science, the Country, and the river Thames and also soldiers, sailors and nymphs. In 1613 Sir Thomas Middleton's mayoralty is "unparalleled for the cost, art and magnificence of the shows, pageants and chariots and morning, noon and night triumphs."

### "A Lady of Gravity"

Edmund Gayton takes us still further. In 1665 he says, "our metropolis for these planetary pageants, was as famous and renowned in foreign nations as for their faith, wealth and valour," About 1700 the King's Drum Major came in to add dignity and later accounts show the various pomps and pageants which have been represented. Diligence, Industry, Ingenuity, Success, Mediocrity, Amity, Verity, Variety (not the B.B.C. kind) have all been represented, not to mention Principality, Nobility, Honour, Commonalty, Concord, Peace, Melody, Benevolence and Harmony. This last was "a lady of great gravity, with masculine aspect, wearing a lovely dark brown peruke, curiously curled and a crown imperial set thereon; she wears a robe of French green velvet embroidered with gold and crimson silk and silver mantle."

### A Shower of Animals

But what can beat Sir Thomas Pilkington's day? He was of the Skinners' Company and had a pageant to shew "a spacious wilderness, haunted and inhabited with all manner of wild beasts and birds of various shapes and colours, even to beasts of prey as wolves, bears, panthers, leopards, sables and beavers, likewise dogs, cats, foxes and rabbits which, tost up now and then into a balcony, fell oft upon the Company's heads, and by them tost again into the crowd, afforded great diversion." Evidently there was no R.S.P.C.A. then but "melodious harmony allayed the fury of the wild beasts, who were continually moving, dancing, curvetting and tumbling to the music."

By the middle of the 18th Century the Show seems to have fallen on evil days and to be called a "dismal trickle." Taubman was dead and Marriott had not yet arrived as a producer. But with the 19th Century the earlier ideal of the London Triumphs has again been gradually approached. And yet there are some who, because of dislocation of business, would abolish the show which still delights us child-like thousands.

So "a plague on all these murmurers, gentlemen, a plague on all their houses. May they hang in their own garters."

# The Other Russian Revolution

## When Boris Godounoff Was Czar

Reviewed by Prince Nicolas Galitzine

ONCE again Mr. Stephen Graham has given us one of his excellent works on Russian history. This time he has chosen the difficult period of *Boris Godounoff* (Benn, 18s.). To the general public of England the name has been familiar through Drama, Legend and Poetry, and it is but seldom that the man in the street has an opportunity of studying that period of history which to Russia was a prognostication of Bolshevism and the culmination of the primitive Slav culture.

In his book Mr. Graham shows, as usual, great knowledge of historical fact and anecdote, coupled with the sincere wish to penetrate the hidden psychology of the chief actors and events.

His theories are always plausible and no doubt true, though invariably highly controversial. But occasionally, through the absence of that unique Slavonic world conception which the Westerner lacks, he misconstrues the ultimate object of his characters.

The opening chapters of the book are devoted to Ivan the Terrible, who, as Mr. Graham quite rightly points out, was the mental foster parent of Boris Godounoff. However, the picture one conceives from the characterisation of Ivan does not tally in the least with such recognised authorities as Clouchevsky, Solovieff, and other students of the period. Mr. Graham makes Ivan just Terrible, without trying to understand the reason for his excesses. He dismisses such excellent influences in his life as Adachief by the adjective of upstart, and, instead of depicting his genuine grief over the heir's untimely demise, we are told of a bout of hypocritical theology.

### Barbaric Splendour

Wherever Russian politics touch upon the Western world Mr. Graham is admirable. He fully explains the greed and intrigue of Poland, the slightly contemptuous attitude of England, and the fear of the lesser border states towards the rising barbaric splendour of Moscow. Some of the scenes of contemporary life, such as feasts and marriages, are drawn with a masterly hand that transport one straight into the period. On the other hand it would be advisable for a work of that description to have a glossary, as terms like "the children of the Boyars" might be easily taken literally.

As soon as we get to the reign of Godounoff we feel that Mr. Graham is on much surer ground. Boris is obviously a favourite of the author's. He wisely extolls the reforms, the peace, and the strength that Russia acquired after the passing of the old dynasty, but nevertheless Boris is never made out to be a virtuous man. Cunning and slow-acting, he overcomes one obstacle after another, beholds one great man and

destroys another, until, at the apex of his triumph, he is faced with the fruits of his own misdeeds.

Biographically the picture is complete; psychologically it is less so. Now and again Mr. Graham contradicts himself; he is always stressing the fact that Boris had always cherished the idea of his own succession, by wishing and working for the death of Ivan's elder son and then his youngest, and then we read in an early chapter that "he did not want the death of Feodor" (the middle son). The author misses completely the broader psychology of the Ruric and Godounoff conflict. On one hand we have a dynasty centuries old gradually, through progress and development, becoming more and more liberal in its tendencies, as far as that was possible in the period, though never in fact—on the other, a single handed parvenu, rising through his own mental ability to the post of dictator and then autocrat, striving for complete reaction, but reigning as a liberal.

### The Secret of the Slav

That is where Boris Godounoff fell short of the Russian people, and where Mr. Graham fails to understand the Slav mentality. He says the barbaric, primitive Russian seldom recognises magnanimity. On the contrary, the Slav will endure any hardships with the prospect of a brighter future, but will not tolerate loose government with a tendency towards reaction.

Mr. Graham deals with the period of the False Dimitri in a masterly fashion. Here, wisely, he does not try to go into the why and wherefore of one of the greatest historical mysteries, but faithfully records data culled from contemporary chroniclers, giving a vivid picture of the unhappy Princeling and his perfidious Maria. He shows us the greedy striving of the Poles, the unbalanced state of Russian nobility, and the seething restlessness of the mob, and when we reach the tragic culmination of his career we positively feel ourselves participating in the sacking of the Kremlin.

The book is written in an easy, interesting style, and anyone picking it up cannot help being absorbed by its theme, gathering knowledge and interest from this profound study of one of the greatest revolutions in the world.

*Recipes from Vienna.* By Evelyn Bach. Cobden Sanderson. 5s.

Here is a book to make the mouth water. Miss Bach gives the cookery of Middle Europe in all its fascinating phases from "Fried Mice" to Rostbraten Esterhazy and Grape Cake. The recipes are well set out, well printed and most attractively bound. A book to buy and keep by.



# Music and its Interpreters

## The Art of Vladimir Rosing

By Herbert Hughes

ONCE upon a time a composer of my acquaintance was rung up on the telephone by an eminent English contralto. With a mixture of sweetness and condescension the eminent English contralto informed the composer that she was "including" three little songs of his in her next recital: the recital was to take place the day after to-morrow, and she just rang up to know "exactly" what the words of the three little songs really meant. She would so like to do them justice. As politely and briefly as he could the composer told the eminent English contralto what each of the poems meant. He was pressed to attend the recital, but, being a somewhat reserved creature, he stayed away, with proper apologies. I remember him remarking, with a wistfulness that did not quite conceal the irony, that hers was not just the sort of eminence that appealed to him.

### Jockey and Conductor

Eminence is often like that, especially in the gentle art of musical performance. It is not, of course, confined to contraltos, the creative artist normally being at the mercy of the most conspicuous professional interpreters of either sex. Under-rehearsal of orchestral works is the commonest of circumstances, to-day as it was yesterday; the conductor may have time to study the work he is about to conduct, but he has insufficient time to pass on that knowledge to his men. No sane composer expects to hear any considerable work of his own even adequately performed under present conditions unless those conditions, by some divine or un-divine accident (like a B.B.C. production), are diverted in his favour. Even here—within sight of the winning post, so to speak—he is at the mercy of his jockey, the conductor, who may or may not be in brains and temperament the right man. The wise listener, aware of all these potential circumstances beforehand, is slow to condemn if a new work has failed to attract him in the first instance.

No such complications of causes and effects arises in the case of the individual singer who has simply one job to perform, without any more collaboration than that involved in the partnership of an accompanist. The solo pianist is even freer, and can ride his instrument to his heart's content. A showman like Mr. Arthur Rubinstein can prance and cavort through the pages of Beethoven and Chopin with impunity, those composers being safely dead. No one would accuse that accomplished person of under-statement, but I could well imagine Chopin writhing in spiritual agony at Mr. Rubinstein's playing of several pages of the

*Scherzi* as recently recorded on the gramophone. That is another sort of interpretation: the egotistic distortion for purposes of display, the parade of brilliance for its own sake being here, no doubt, partly racial. When no brilliance is required Mr. Rubinstein can strike the poetic attitude with sufficient impressiveness to get away with it, and consequently with those other delinquencies of an almost libellous exaggeration.

Generally the platform singer errs on the side of under-statement, or of common misunderstanding. English singers of our time who have been able to get at the heart of a song have generally been men, men with nothing of the egregious prima donna in them: Gervase Elwes, John Coates, Plunket Greene and of the younger generation such artists as Keith Falkner, Hugh Campbell and John Goss. Singers like these have been able to feel in the music (if it is fine music) such a close alliance with the words that the song becomes dramatised and completely alive. Amongst women singers Jean Sterling MacKinlay has this gift in a notable degree.

### Music and Poetry

Outside our own country is one singer who, in the art of interpretation, appears to be unique. I refer to Vladimir Rosing. Not Chaliapin himself has the dramatic and lyrical range of the younger Russian. Rosing has the great advantage over the bass in that his tenor voice is more flexible though less powerful and resonant. His recital in Wigmore Hall showed remarkable development in his powers since last he sang in London. He was always an interesting singer with a fine flair for programme-making. To-day his art is all but incomparable. The gamut upon which he plays is extraordinarily wide and extraordinarily subtle. Some of his English listeners were, I think, shocked to find that the art of singing had been raised to another plane. It was disconcerting to discover that a mere song could represent a colossal drama or a comedy in synthesis. Rosing, a master of pure singing, *bel canto*, could on occasion throw that art to the winds and approach the song in such a way that the alliance between the music and the poetry was elevated to a dramatic height hitherto unsuspected. This was not mere characterisation—which is the simplest of actors' tricks—but an act of creative art. It was an art altogether unconcerned with this register or that, with "head" voice or "chest" voice or "falsetto" or what-not. It was the song that mattered, the drama, the comedy; not the "production." Songs like Mussorgsky's "Savichna" (love song of the village idiot) and "Death Serenade," like Borodin's "Conceit" or Cyril Scott's "Lord Rendal" on his lips were living dramas raised to the nth power.



# Paris of the Past

## The Cafe Where the News Was Made

By H. Warner Allen

**B**RILLIANT conversation, the latest news and comments from behind the scenes—they were once the life of the Paris Boulevard café. Everyone who counted for anything in Paris life was to be found in the evening at his café with a group of friends and there the journalist could find each day his news ready made. It was the foreigner who destroyed the traditional café, ousting regular customers from their place and raising prices by their multitude. One by one cafés lost their special character and became mere caravanserais for passing visitors. Twenty-five years ago only one café of the old type remained on the Boulevard, the Café Napolitain, the last home of conversation, "le dernier café où l'on cause."

The disappearance of its rivals had led to a concentration of Tout Paris in the rather dingy interior where between 5 and 7, "l'heure verte," a journalist had only to keep his ears open and stroll occasionally from table to table to hear the latest scandal and collect real news from those who made it. For he could find within reach an expert on every question under the sun and conversation would flash to and fro between the tables.

### No Place for Beer

The Café took itself and its position very seriously. It offered no welcome to the casual visitor from the provinces or abroad. Its proprietor boasted that his beer was the worst and dearest on the Boulevard. Beer-drinkers whom he regarded as dull-witted folk were cheerfully dismissed to those cafés that added "brasserie" to their names. Marius, its manager, Henri the head waiter, regarded a special absinthe, cognac, syrups of many chemical colours, coffee and a phenomenal collection of ices as "consommations" peculiarly stimulating to conversation. Music was barred.

Everybody who was anyone had a table engaged and his right to it was shown by the glass set in his place. The tables were large; six people could sit and talk at them in great comfort and twice as many might draw up chairs to take part in a discussion.

The centre of this café salon was Ernest Lajeunesse, a strange figure with a simian face, long disordered hair and huge silver rings on his fingers. He was a brilliant critic and journalist with a bitter tongue that respected no one and would lead the conversation in a falsetto scream which made his epigrams audible to all. Near him one might see Moréas, the Greek, who became a French poet worthy of the Academy, always trying to forget, his enemies said, that his real name was Papadiamantopoulos. A waiter with leanings towards the Muses used to bring his cup, reciting a little verse that he had composed:

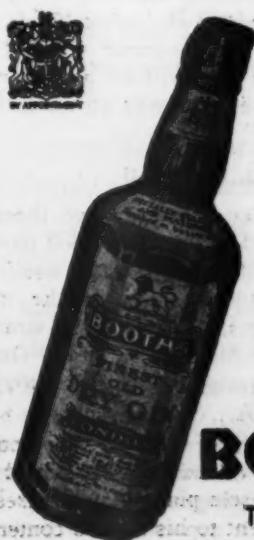
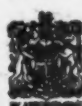
"J'apporte la tasse  
De Monsieur Moréas."

"Imbécile!" Moréas would exclaim in his most scathing tones, but he really enjoyed it.

Academicians, dramatists, novelists, politicians,

aeronauts, journalists, duellists, inventors, millionaires, generals, civil servants, Bonapartists, Royalists—they were all to be found at the Café Napolitain and many another category. Capazza, the aeronaut with a shock of white hair and a Corsican temper might often be heard proclaiming to all and sundry that he would make France the best country in the world, if only he might be allowed to guillotine just a thousand persons—mostly politicians.

An enormous and very aged Polish colonel with vast eyebrows and moustaches looked strangely out of place among the literary people with whom he consorted. His name was unknown—it was said to be quite unpronounceable—and he was believed to live on the pittance accorded to him by the French Government—£40 a year—with the Legion of Honour for service in the war of 1870. He had fought with Garibaldi and one day a Frenchman teasing him asked how he, a strict Catholic, could fight against the Pope. "The Pope," he replied fiercely, "had no cavalry and the men of my family fight on horseback." For years he appeared to live exclusively on enormous doses of absinthe. Then, as he was far over eighty, he tried raw whisky as a milder spirit, and within a month or two was found dead in his garret.



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## A Lovely Lady and the Last of the Dandies

Blessington—D'Orsay

IT is a rare and delightful experience to find a historical work in which the characters move through the world of facts, as naturally as though they were the creatures of the historian's imagination set in a world of romance. In these days many pseudo-historians have made the attempt, taking unpardonable liberties with their characters' thoughts or moulding facts at their own sweet will and the result is lamentable, neither history nor fiction.

Mr. Michael Sadleir has chosen Lady Blessington and Alfred, Comte D'Orsay as the chief actors in "Blessington—D'Orsay, A Masquerade" (Constable, 9s.) and so deeply has he entered into their characters and so skilfully has he unravelled the tangled skein of their lives that they pass through his pages with the persuasive reality and the fascination of a great novelist's creations. So close a friendship with those who lived and died a century ago, so delicate an understanding of their secret springs of action can only be the fruit of the closest study of all the evidence available, to which must be added a deep and wide sympathy.

Mr. Sadleir believes that the relationship between lovely Lady Blessington and the last of the dandies was innocent, despite scandal and much apparently incriminating evidence. Lady Blessington's tragic childhood had left her incapable of passion: fear had deprived her of her power to love. D'Orsay on the other hand, the dashing dandy whose extravagance shocked an admiring Europe, was a man without a woman in his life. His reckless audacity was no more than a pose that hid the boy.

### The Truth Of It All

At first the reader may think the two theories which form the basis of Mr. Sadleir's book daring and improbable, but as the story unfolds itself, he will be convinced that they provide the only explanation of the facts. Indeed, the strange limitations both of Lady Blessington and D'Orsay may be read in the admirable reproduced portraits which illustrate the book.

"There are so few before whom one would condescend to appear otherwise than happy," This phrase of Lady Blessington's appears on Mr. Sadleir's title-page and it expresses in a sentence the spirit that built up her success on unhappiness and drove D'Orsay to seek self-forgetfulness in his dandiacal fantasies. They had missed the best and they knew it, but they would never confess it. Indeed perhaps the best justification of their lives is this book that has been written about them.

H.W.A.

## Pepys' Conscience The Diarist and the Man

THERE was room for a good Life of Samuel Pepys, that the great biographical fragment of the Diary might be enforced by the tale implicit in his *Memoirs of the Royal Navy*, and that his record as a Civil Servant might be completed by an account of his earliest years and by his fortunes after the Revolution of 1688. Mr. Bryant, the inheritor of Dr. J. R. Tanner's papers, is in the true succession.\* This Life should be the standard biography, and, this said, everyone interested in Pepys will surely read it.

The present volume is the first only. It takes the story down to 1669, when Pepys was thirty-six, lost his wife, and through failing sight discontinued the Diary, begun almost ten years before. The biographer has to explain how a man of such humble origins, the son of a tailor, who married at twenty-two the fifteen year old daughter of a French Huguenot as poor as himself, attained a great position; to set the lovely gossip of his idle hours in the setting of his hard day's work; to show us the strict Civil Servant in an age of jobbery in a fair light; and to combine his public and his famous private character into an understandable picture. But for a little "writing up" in the earlier chapters, until the Diary makes this embroidery unnecessary, Mr. Bryant does this with thorough knowledge of the many sources and with fair skill on his own part.

### Social Confusion

The family of Pepys was a social confusion. Some were inpecunious tradesmen. Some, like his cousin Edward Montagu, later Lord Sandwich, were rising and influential. Pepys made the most of his education, by a scholarship that took him to Cambridge, as he did of everything else. He then became his cousin's London agent and domestic helper, and to his conscientiousness he owed, on the Restoration, his post on the Navy Board. It was a small world, in which loyalty and judgment were prized by patrons, and his capacity and industry carried him to its centre. Once there he worked, really mastered his office, and made it his business to serve the King rather than his own pocket, for the customary commissions he (not always) accepted never let him sanction bad contracts, as others almost universally did.

His marriage was curious, if normal. He married a pretty face and remained fond of it, as husbands do, but he did not marry a woman who could be a companion to him. Use and wont kept him fond; he was liked by almost everyone; and his truthfulness more than his infidelities, meannesses, and the rest showed him, I think, to be no more, when unbuttoned than an average original sinner. With many sins went great virtues, particularly in office. Corruption, war, the plague, the great fire, a Parliamentary inquiry, the revolution, some persecution, even the successful pursuit of place and wealth, and poor relations proved him fundamentally honest, sincere, and kindhearted, and to this was added the accident of



a genius for observation of himself and of life in the homeliest English imaginable.

The only full and honest Diary ever written is his, and the Navy received the same honest treatment as his cherished journal. Other men have other virtues and other failings, but (a few heroes and saints and spiritually distinguished souls excepted), his Diary is the only full record we have of the decent average specimen of original sinner. Mr. Bryant's book is fascinating, even though most of the fascination comes from Pepys, but all the editing and weaving of the public work with the private admissions into a unity is the author's scholarly achievement.

\**Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making.* By Arthur Bryant. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

## Youth and its Daily Bread

[REVIEWED BY RAE FRIEDBERG]

I FEEL that Christabel Lowndes Yates has hardly justified herself in "Gods Must be Fed." She tells us a story of a Midland family, a great factory, and the inability of the younger generation to appreciate fully the source of their daily bread.

Elizabeth and Ian, the two younger members of the family, are studying music in Paris when they receive news of the death of their elder brother Ruggles, the result of an operation (after-effects of the war). Ruggles and their father lived literally for the factory.

Ian is, of course, now expected to carry on the good work, and bemoans his fate. He is a selfish, rather fatuous young man. After long and acrimonious family discussions, he grudgingly agrees to go into the factory, receiving for his pains a mere pittance of £1,000 a year! But his music suffers, and in a fit of passion he attempts to commit suicide. In fact, he twice attempts suicide!

In the meantime, Elizabeth, a girl of real charm and verve, drifts into an engagement with the manager of the factory, James McLagan, who, from the very beginning, is obviously not a propitious partner for Elizabeth, except of course that her father finds the engagement a solution to his problem, seeing that Ian is obviously unfit.

Fortunately, though, Elizabeth discovers her James having a tender scene with his red-haired secretary, and almost simultaneously realises that she has always loved Charles McKay Benton (Bennie), an old friend of Ruggles who before the war had been a brilliant musician. But, having been severely wounded, he lost interest in his musical compositions.

So we leave Ian in a London nursing home (full of drink), Elizabeth about to marry her Bennie, and life and the factory, in spite of all, apparently go on as usual. Frankly, a rather mediocre ending to a mediocre book.

\**Gods Must be Fed.* By Christabel Lowndes Yates. Heritage. 7s. 6d.

## A Yachtsman's Journal

THE sight of Conor, Peador, Sean and other strange Irish names always conjures in my mind a vision of hopelessness and depression. But there is no depression about Mr. O'Brien's account of a trip to the Balearic Isles in a twenty ton sailing yacht.\* The author's descriptions on land, notably those of Iviza, are happy enough; but it is obvious that the sea is his real element. Here we have the expert writing fondly of his love. He can make a ten days' run without sight of land, live in a manner beyond the power of any living writer I know of.

Mr. O'Brien has no use for conventional rigs. The *Saoirse*, if I have followed correctly her owner's frequent experiments, seems to have started the voyage as a topsail schooner and finished up as something between a ketch and a brigantine. But what does it matter if in this assumption I have fallen by the way? Conor O'Brien and the "mate," his wife are, I am sure, not concerned with such niceties. Their object is that the ship shall sail handily and reliably in all weathers. That she did so is obvious; for in these pages you can see them sailing her.

As for Iviza, where they proposed to stay a week and remained the best part of a year, it seems uncommonly like Paradise—and Paradise with a sense of humour.

\* *Voyage and Discovery.* By Conor O'Brien. Blackwood. 12s. 6d. Illustrated.

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### Bravo, Lady Houston!

SIR,—Bravo, Lady Houston!—and I only wish there were more like you. The country has no use for the politicians whose only creed is "Any country but my own, and damn England." GEO. R. CLARKSON.  
6, Rue du Lion d'Or, Lausanne.

### Disarmament

SIR,—Apparently the disarmament difficulty could be eased if we would give France the security guarantees she desires. Will not some one of our responsible statesmen tell us clearly why we refuse this guarantee? We are already committed in this direction to a considerable extent under the League covenant.

19, Boscombe Rd., W.12.

HENRY MEULEN.

### Harris of Morocco

SIR,—I am preparing, with the approval of his family, a life of the late W. B. Harris of Morocco. I should be very glad to hear of any letters of his which I might read. These of course would be copied and returned. I should be still more glad to get in touch with anyone who knew him in his young days, or who accompanied him on his travels; also with anyone who has himself had direct contact with events in Morocco during the last thirty years, and who would be kind enough to give me an interview.

21, Lloyd Square, London, W.C.1. RICHARD HUGHES.

### The Peace and the Justice

SIR,—At the Socialist Party Conference at Hastings, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Baronet, former Liberal and Socialist M.P., H.M. Lieutenant for the County of Northumberland, and Justice of Peace for that county, moved a resolution calling for a General Strike in the event of Britain declaring war.

By the Trades Dispute Act of 1927 a General Strike was declared illegal. It is a new departure for a Justice of the Peace to wish to see the law of the land broken. But surely it is an impossible situation for a man, who advocates a definitely revolutionary action aimed against the Constitution and the Crown, to hold office as King's representative.

Sir Charles Trevelyan was appointed to his present office to succeed that patriotic nobleman, the late Duke of Northumberland, in 1930. Presumably the appointment was made on the advice of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. In view of Sir Charles's present activities, it should now be Mr. MacDonald's duty to advise that his resignation be demanded.

RONALD RUSSELL.

Constitutional Club.

### Conservatives Asleep

SIR,—It is quite time the Conservative Party awakened from their long sleep and let the country know they are not the spineless do-nothings they have been since the National Government was formed.

The matters now pending are of so grave a nature that the very existence of the Empire is at stake—brought about by the egotistical imaginations of men who are impervious to any opposition that assails them.

They propose handing India over to a small body of revolutionaries which will break up the British Empire. They have madly reduced the Navy, our first line of defence, by cutting it down by 50 per cent., and left us armed with a fleet of obsolete crocks to replace which will cost the country millions.

They had a mandate from the country to go full steam ahead with tariffs which they have ignored, but resorted to timocracy and considering the feelings of Viscount Snowden and Runciman from which we shall get very little benefit. When the Conservative leader concerns himself in packing the committee sitting on Indian affairs, and affirms that 90 per cent. of Government Officials favour the White Paper though it is proved that not one half do so, and puts on the Whips to force his own party to gain his ends without even consulting

them, he is unworthy of the position he holds, and ought to be superseded without delay, for he has broken up the party twice, and will do it again.

Conservative members in the House must remember this fact—if disaster comes from Mr. Baldwin's ill-judged activities the country will never forgive them; for, being the largest party in the House and having an enormous majority, they have the power to prevent the great damages with which the Empire is confronted.

VIGILANT.

Lausanne.

### Concerning Sleep

SIR,—In commenting recently on "the best means of wooing slumber," you say that counting is "a very effective method," but that "the surest way of all is to 'assure' oneself that it doesn't matter whether one goes to sleep or not." Unfortunately the sufferer from insomnia is almost certain to feel that it is of the utmost importance that he should go to sleep, and will firmly reject anyone's assurance to the contrary—even his own.

What makes a man lie awake is thinking—unless, of course, it is physical pain. If he could stop thinking he would fall asleep instantly; but if you have been thinking hard all day, it is very difficult to stop it when you lie down at night. The thing to do, therefore, is to break the habit of thinking—to eschew thought as a mental process.

Too much thinking makes a man not only sleepless but dangerous, as Cassius was. He steals unmannerly from his wife's bed in the early morning hours, as Brutus did, and conspires in the cold and windy streets. That inmate of an old man's home who sometimes "sat and thought" but usually "only sat" was the stuff of which sound sleepers are made. The man who never thinks of thinking for himself at all—or for anyone else—needs no hand to rock his cradle. It was not Macbeth who murdered Sleep: it was Thought; and so long as Thought persists, Sleep will remain dead and buried.

JOSEPH B. GILDER.

Author's Club, 2, Whitehall Court, S.W.1.

### The Case for Flogging

SIR,—As you say, statistics prove anything. I spent some six months in Belfast as an army officer employed on street duty, and know well that the peak of violence came, not in May and June, but after the Treaty with Southern Ireland was signed. The reasons for this are beyond the scope of this letter.

There was during this time an average of a murder a night; on some nights there were more, but the casualties in this religious warfare bear no proportion to the volume of musketry. In the York Street area and sometimes in the Newtonards Road (which was, I believe, worse in May and June, before barricades were erected in Seaforth Street) the rounds fired on a "hate" night must be counted in hundreds, if not thousands. Owing to the fact, however, that the gunmen kept to their houses, bobbing quickly above a window ledge or hurriedly firing through a crack in a doorway without attempting to take proper aim, the casualties were comparatively few.

The troops and R.I.C. were powerless to end the situation, although we surrounded whole blocks at dawn and systematically searched them for arms, and although the military were allowed to, and did, fire at any man seen shooting, irrespective of which side he was on, or at any window from which a flash appeared.

It was not until the Ulster Government passed a law making any man in possession of firearms liable to a flogging that the situation was got in hand. Then the evil was stamped out in an amazingly short time, as I have no doubt the present recrudescence will be if firm measures are taken. As has been seen from his methods of warfare, the Belfast gunman is a coward, with the greatest regard for his own skin; the prospect of imprisonment may not deter him; but the chance of a flogging undoubtedly does.

R. H. ANSTRUTHER.

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F. H. CLAYTON, Esq.,  
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## The Theatre

### Two Bad Plays

*Aldwych Theatre. "Ladies' Night."* By Avery Hopwood and Charlton Andrews. Revised by Austin Melford and Douglas Furber.

I WAS laughing when I went to the theatre and hoped to go on during the whole performance of "Ladies' Night," a farce, but it has a poor story and there are not enough amusing situations. A Yorkshire weaver who has made his money by inventing a shuttle is dragged up to London by his socially ambitious wife who wants to get into society. His subsequent adventures in a Turkish bath on ladies' night with his two friends and how they meet and escape from their respective wives, have one or two amusing incidents. But I am afraid my laughter was spasmodic and rather forced and I had the feeling that those on the stage were working too hard and becoming too loud in their efforts to make the show a real farce.

Mr. Sydney Howard, as the weaver, was his old inimitable self, with his melancholy manner and those expressive hands, but he had too much on his shoulders. This wonderful comedian was at his best in the last act, when, complete with policeman's uniform, large black moustache and notebook, he had the three wives "on the mat." He was nobly supported by Miss Maidie Hope as the socially ambitious wife, and by Mr. Austin Melford, who was loud and confident.

N. le G. H.

*Gay Divorce. Palace Theatre.*

THERE was, of course, Fred Astaire. And that is just about all that can be said for this new musical comedy at the Palace. The play itself must plumb depths of inanity never before reached and, let us hope, never to be reached again. Humour was almost entirely non-existent and, though one or two lyrics may swell the repertoire of the dance orchestras, the music as a whole reached about the same level as the book. One does expect some sort of humour in a musical comedy, even though it be of the crudest. But none at all is unpardonable.

There was, of course, Fred Astaire. While he occupies the stage, one's attention is alert just on the off chance that his legs will run away with him and treat us to some of that delightful terpsichorean ambling at which he is such an adept. He does a lot to appease our sense of grievance at so sorry an entertainment; but even he cannot carry the whole evening on his shoulders. Without support, his labours are in vain and, though I found myself struggling against the desire to yawn, yet yawn I had to. Not so a man sitting next to me. Quite unashamedly, he slept.

It is a pity. Fred Astaire comes to London so seldom that I felt a definite resentment at seeing him wasted in this fashion.

"Gay Divorce" is poor entertainment, and, though I am informed that it was a success in America, I cannot see it repeating that success in this country.

P.K.

## Foreign Affairs

### The Spanish Mulberry

FOR six months or more Spain has been giving secret customs rebates to French motor car manufacturers in flat violation of her treaty with us. The British Government has feebly protested, but Madrid, having neatly sized up our administrators as "all guff and no guts" has simply ignored them. A country with any self respect would have clapped an extra duty on Spanish oranges that would, in the immortal words of Herr Hitler's second best propagandist, have "made the pips squeak." We do not expect a MacDonald-Baldwin combination to pull any Palmerston stuff but we should have imagined that six months of what George Robey would call the Spanish mulberry was more than even Mr. Runciman could stomach.

### The Luxury of Thrift

Deposits in Italian savings banks, says a message from Rome, have increased by nearly 40 per cent. since the end of 1928, the moral being that social peace, work and order, develop the virtue of thrift among the masses. It is some time since anybody mentioned thrift in this country. Mr. Keynes changed his mind about it. It was last advocated by Lord Snowden when he was a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer, but as his Government was busy destroying the national credit and so making thrift not only difficult but positively foolish nobody paid much attention to him. Italy is lucky to be able to afford the luxury of thrift. In this country spending for employment—with the Government doing most of the spending—is still the order of the day.

### "Senseless Babblings"

In suppressing Professor Banse's military maunderings as being likely to induce "anti-German propaganda" Herr Hitler has probably done the intelligent thing. The fact remains that these "senseless babblings," as he rightly calls them, are as eagerly devoured by millions of truculent young Teutons as before 1914 were the kindred extravagances of Treitschke and Bernhardi. We shall be interested to see if "Nationale Aussenpolitik," a recently published work even fuller of senseless babblings than Professor Banse's, is also suppressed. Its author, Herr Mariaux, is a fire-breathing Nazi official attached to the German Embassy in Paris.

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## CITY.—By OUR CITY EDITOR

THE new Stock Exchange account opened under depressing conditions, for the breakdown of the War Debt negotiations with America was announced at a time when the market was already unsettled by the U.S. gold policy and the erratic nature of the franc and dollar exchanges. No real surprise is felt that a permanent settlement of the War Debts question is impossible at present, for stabilisation of the exchanges seems to be inherently a part of the whole problem and America is unwilling to face the possibilities of such a move so soon after her departure from the gold standard. The dollar has, in fact, touched its lowest level since the abnormal days of 1914, when the exchanges were unbalanced by Britain's calling in of funds from abroad, and America's gold policy is still wrapped in mystery, though about \$2,800,000 of the metal has been purchased in the United States and a certain amount has also been bought abroad. There have, however, been no signs in the London market of any purchase by American buyers on any considerable scale, and, with the franc lower in terms of sterling, the price of gold in £ s. d. has fallen away somewhat instead of rising as had been generally expected. The weakness of the franc, while disturbing to "bulls" of gold mining shares, is nevertheless a reassuring feature, for, if the franc appreciates too sharply to something like 75 francs to the £, driving down prices still further for the gold standard bloc, it can hardly be long before France and her European neighbours have also to abandon gold and set themselves adrift in the flood of world currency chaos.

### Reassuring Factors

But Stock Markets are notoriously too easily swayed by the news and views of the moment; the man who can take a long view and hold to his opinion no matter what influences may tend to shake his faith from day to day may make profitable investments when markets are cheerless and without support. Though international news is far from favourable, there are continued signs of improvement at home, and employment figures this month show that a further 44,000 men are at work. In consequence, though home stocks—industrials and rails—have been dull, prices have not fallen away to any appreciable extent, and for the moment most industrial ordinaries and Home Railway stocks appear to be over-valued; but, so long as investment with reasonable safety is confined to Britain and the Dominions, one cannot visualise any severe reaction. In the purely speculative sections, gold mining shares are of outstanding interest, and, whatever one's doubts as to the future for the metal, the enormous hoards in the vaults of the Central banks have only to be

borne in mind to give reassurance to the "bulls" of gold mines that in the long run they are on the right tack. Rubber companies have in most instances still to progress a long way before their share values are justified, but the oil market appears to hold out many attractions, the recent increase in the price of petrol having been by no means discounted, while, to take a long view, oil consumption will be increased enormously in the ordinary course of the revival of trade. In this group the Trinidad descriptions and Mexican and Canadian Eagles appear most attractive. Meanwhile, the stream of gilt-edged issues flows on, India coming into the market this week for £10,000,000 of 3½ per cent. stock at 97.

### Brewery Shares

With the favourite British industrial ordinary shares giving yields of four per cent. or less at present prices, brewery shares appear attractive to the investor who is prepared to take the ordinary risks in seeking capital appreciation with a fair income. The brewery market has been depressed of late by the reductions in interim dividends for the current year in some cases, but it must be remembered that the better results which will accrue from the tax remission and increased employment have yet to be seen, and already this year consumption of beer has increased substantially. Allsopp ordinary £1 shares can be bought to yield over 5½ per cent., the earnings last year being 8.6 per cent., but the interim dividend this year has been reduced by ½ per cent. to 3 per cent. Five per cent. is also obtainable on Threlfall's ordinary £1 shares, the company not quite earning its 14 per cent. dividend last year, though this was a reduction of 3 per cent. compared with the previous year. H. & G. Simonds are also an attractive share in this list, yielding about £4 18s. per cent. at the present price. The Reading brewers' 11½ per cent. dividend was amply earned last year, and the interim this year is maintained at 2½ per cent. The yield on Watney deferred is only about £3 17s. per cent., but Guinness, even at over £5 for the £1 units, are still attractive with a yield of nearly 5½ per cent., for the company has a wonderful business, and only more settled conditions in Ireland are necessary to bring further capital appreciation. Bass ordinary return over 3½ per cent. tax-free or nearly 4½ per cent. gross, and Taylor Walker are a most promising share for a long investment, yielding nearly 4½ per cent., while the company has yet to reap its full benefit from the acquisition of the Cannon undertaking.

### Raphael Tuck Products

The net profit of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., was about £1,800 lower than in the previous year at £12,104, and in order to pay the 4 per cent. dividend, a reduction of only 1 per cent., £11,000 had to be taken from the dividend reserve which

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the company built up in more prosperous times. There is a provision that after payment of 8 per cent. on the ordinary shares one-third of surplus profits goes to the dividend reserve until this fund has reached £200,000. The company's trade at home has shown a most satisfactory increase, but the adverse conditions abroad have affected overseas sales seriously. Nevertheless, at the company's annual meeting, Mr. Gustave Tuck, the chairman and managing-director, was able to state that the company had adhered to its policy of maintaining in its service all its employees at their full salaries and had not added one single number to the country's unemployed. The company's products include books, calendars, postcards, and artistic paper productions of all kinds, which for their quality are well-known throughout the world. When conditions are more favourable to international trade, the prosperity enjoyed by Raphael Tuck & Sons in the past will doubtless be more than resumed.

## FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

*Morning Glory.* Directed by Lowell Sherman. Coliseum.

*La Maternelle.* Directed by Jean Benoit-Levy and Marie Epstein. Academy.

KATHERINE HEPBURN'S first appearance on the screen was in Meggie Albanesi's old part in "The Bill of Divorcement" where her acting showed distinct promise though her voice was unpleasing. I missed her second picture, "Christopher Strong," which was generally released this week, but her performance in "Morning Glory," the new film at the Coliseum, should place her firmly in the front rang of screen actresses. Her voice is a great deal more flexible and she endows her long part with plenty of contrast so that one is continually aware of her presence on the screen.

It is a fortunate thing for the picture that she gives of her best because the story is mildewed with age, though the theme is what is termed "box-office." The idea of the young stage aspirant, who wants to be a great star and fails only to succeed when the leading lady conveniently walks out, is familiar enough, and it is only the sincerity both of Douglas Fairbanks Junior, as the young author, and Adolphe Menjou, as the manager, combined with the bizarre characterisation of Kathleen Hepburn, which saves the structure from falling to bits through damp rot.

The film is an adaptation of a play and a tremendous amount of dialogue has to be spoken by Kathleen Hepburn; that she manages to give a sincere performance which is out of the usual run is a fine piece of work and, though it may be some time before she gets such a good part again, I hope it won't be long before she gets something more original.

"La Maternelle," which comes to the Academy, makes "Morning Glory" look the very indifferent picture that, apart from the acting, it is. It has been the talk of Paris for some time now and I do not think that its sponsors here are making any

idle boast when they claim that it will rank as a screen classic, though the story is a trifle depressing for the average filmgoer.

The central idea is the love of a woman for children and the reactions of the children to that love. The subsidiary idea which develops the main theme bears some resemblance to "Mädchen in Uniform," but "La Maternelle" is concerned with the slum quarters of Paris and with a slum school. Rose comes to this place as a children's maid and her love transforms the children so that, in spite of the inhumanity of their parents and the squalor of their home life, they find a form of happiness. One little girl, however, who is beautifully played by Paulette Elambert, suffers from what I believe the psychologists call "being over-sexed," and it is her struggle to keep Rose's love in spite of the attentions of the doctor that forms the slender thread of the actual story. The film is more than anything else a slice of life and the types have been carefully chosen. The Rose of Madeleine Renaud, the Madame Paulin of Mady Berry and the Superintendent of Alice Tissot are all excellent. "La Maternelle" is a picture that should be seen.

## COMPANY MEETING

### RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD.

#### POPULARITY OF COMPANY'S PRODUCTIONS

The thirty-second annual general meeting of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., was held on Thursday last at Raphael House, Moorfields, London, E.C.

Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director) said that the times through which the business world was passing were beset with great difficulties, from the repercussions of which very few had been able to emerge unscathed. In spite of that, however, the Company's turnover in this country had shown a gratifying increase, which again proved that the artistic productions issued by Raphael Tuck & Sons were appreciated and bought by increasing numbers of the great British public, but that had been more than balanced by the uneasy conditions on the Continent, overseas, in the Dominions and in America.

Reviewing the various departments, the chairman first referred to Christmas and New Year cards, remarking that that old-established branch had fully maintained its reputation for originality, beauty and efficiency, and the department had made remarkable progress. The book department had been his own special care for many years. One of the great charms of life was to maintain the bridge between the old and the young, and he thought that his work in the preparation of books had helped him greatly to accomplish that. They had just published a charming novel, full of interest, "Nancy Owlett," by that famous author, Eden Phillpotts, which had already had a most pleasing reception both from the Press and from the public. Their old friend, "Tuck's Annual," now aged 86, retained its vigour and originality, while its companion, "Father Tuck's Annual for Little People," continued to be as popular as ever.

With regard to calendars, they had had the honour to reproduce a beautiful portrait of H.M. The Queen and a portrait of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. Tuck's postcards were still the recognised picture postcards. It was satisfactory to record the remarkable headway made by the Pictorial Advertising Department, and the sales in the Paperware Department showed a steady increase.

The chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts, which was seconded by Mr. Desmond Tuck and carried unanimously.



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